

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 2,337, Vol. 90.

11 August, 1900.

6d.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	161	VERSE :		REVIEWS :	
LEADING ARTICLES :		The Grenadiers : from Heine. By		Tennyson's First Editor	174
Rushing the Lords	164	W. Sichel	171	Chinese Jottings	175
The Advance on Peking	165	The Wider Aspects of Insurance.—III. 171		The Birds of Surrey	176
Advertisement and Anarchism	166	CORRESPONDENCE :		Politics and History	177
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES :		The Future of the Irish Landlords. By		Sanskrit Literature	178
The Chinese Army: I. Imperial or		Henry A. Johnston and Another	172	The Coming Economic Terror	179
Central Forces	167	Fighting after Surrender. By Lord		Burmese Life	179
Literature and International Good		Rosslyn	173	CURRENT FICTION	180
Feeling	168	The Fruits of Examination. By Walter		NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS	181
Heirs of the Ages	169	Hermes Pollock	173	THEOLOGICAL BOOKS	182
Grouse and Gastronomy	170	Cruelty to Dogs. By H. A. Hinkson	173	SCIENTIFIC BOOKS	183
		Taste in Hymns. By H. Le Marchant	174	FRENCH LITERATURE	184

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The session of 1900 has been very trying to the reputations of our leading parliamentarians. The course of foreign affairs, what with China and South Africa, has been a series of shocks, and this tests the mettle of statesmen. We cannot say that the chief personages have emerged successfully from the ordeal. To begin with the leader of the House of Commons, our admiration of Mr. Balfour's dialectical skill and general intellectual distinction only increases our regret at the petulance which he has so often displayed. There are two theories about Mr. Balfour's outbursts of temper, the one, that his rage is merely rhetorical and used as a weapon to beat down an opponent; the other, that too long a spell of office has spoilt what used to be the sweetest disposition in the world, and that the philosopher is genuinely angry with those who venture to criticise him or his colleagues. We do not know which of these theories is correct; we only know that Mr. Balfour's increasing irritability, of which his attitude towards the hospital inquiry is the last specimen, is doing him harm in the House of Commons and in the country.

Whether in imitation or not, Mr. Chamberlain adopts a somewhat similar method of dealing with his assailants. The Colonial Secretary has naturally been a good deal in evidence this session; but whenever an assault is made upon his South African policy Mr. Chamberlain persists in treating it as a vindictive attack upon him personally, an attitude which is neither effective nor dignified. Mr. Wyndham has probably appeared at the table oftener than any other Minister, and as the Under-Secretary for War is still in his parliamentary youth, considerable interest has centred on him. Mr. Wyndham began the session very well; and his fame as a speaker is distinctly increased. But in a rather subtle way he has lost ground morally. People imagined, foolishly no doubt, that here was a new man, of unblemished character and established social position, who would not be the mouthpiece of officialdom, but would take his own line. The unfortunate affair of the Spion Kop despatches and several of Mr. Wyndham's answers to questions have shattered this illusion, and it is sorrowfully recognised that with all his charm of manner and mind the Under-Secretary for War is only an official.

On the Front Opposition bench the most noticeable fact has been the complete failure of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. It often happens that a man, who is thrust into the leadership as a stop-gap or

because nobody is jealous of him, turns out a great parliamentary success. Such was the case with Lord Althorp, with Lord Hartington, and with Mr. W. H. Smith, who without any power of speech were obeyed and followed unhesitatingly, even enthusiastically. Such has certainly not been the case with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who can neither lead nor follow Radical opinion, because he cannot make up his mind. To a politician the luxury of doubt is sternly denied, and so it happens that a wealthy, witty, and amiable gentleman, with more than a tincture of letters, has only succeeded in exciting a mild derision on all sides. Mr. John Morley, Sir Henry Fowler, and Mr. Asquith have simply effaced themselves. Sir Edward Grey has rather damaged his position by a tendency to hedge once or twice in his speeches. It is not easy, we admit, to run with Lord Rosebery and hunt with Lord Salisbury. The times, as has been said, are very trying to the nerves of those who aspire to guide the chariot of the sun. But if there is one character which Britons despise more than another it is that of the trimmer, and Sir Edward Grey should be warned by the example of his elders. On one of the last days of the session Sir William Harcourt showed us that he is still head and shoulders above everybody else as a House of Commons gladiator.

What was perhaps the last sitting of the House of Commons in this Parliament was distinguished by ridiculous language and ridiculous acts. When we mention that Sir E. Ashmead-Bartlett, Mr. MacNeill, Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Mr. Lloyd-George were the principal performers, we say all that is necessary to characterise the kind of performance that took place. Sir Ellis' pretensions to an amazingly profound knowledge of the Chinese question we may pass. But we think one passage of his rhetoric should be singled out for admiration. For his tropes and figures he is famous but he will find it hard to beat the following. It is marvellously satisfactory to know that "the Government amongst other things has given the coup de grâce to the cuckoo cry of the concert of Europe which was a chimæra the pursuit of which only injured ourselves." This is the most unintelligible bit of news even about China that we have met with anywhere.

The Report of the Select Committee on War Office Contracts is not a very satisfactory document. Its recommendations are mostly of the obvious kind and have very little in them of specific value. The committee have inquired into the question of bribes without being able to prove any particular instances, and they venture to go no further than to say that there is a widespread belief in the existence of bribery, and that this is very likely to be true from the prevalence of secret commissions in private commerce. They are more definite in regard to the question of the cordite

contracts which they are satisfied were allocated with the single object of securing the best results to the public service. The sentence in the report that "when it is thought desirable to allow a tender to be modified a like opportunity should be afforded to all the firms tendering" forms the pretext though not the excuse of the violent attack on Mr. Chamberlain in the House on Wednesday based on his brother's chairmanship of the Kynoch Company. This is the kind of attack that Mr. Chamberlain rarely meets with dignity. His tone becomes as artificial as that of his accusers. He is too ostentatiously impeccable.

This fault was not quite so conspicuous in his reply to the preposterous charges in respect of the correspondence found at Bloemfontein and alleged to have been written by several members of Parliament. This correspondence was discovered in circumstances which made the whole matter public property, and there needs no supposition of put-up questions in the House for electioneering purposes. Questions were bound to be asked, and whatever answer Mr. Chamberlain had made would have been as obnoxious to misinterpretation, and have thrown as much suspicion on a certain well-known group of pro-Boers, as the answer that was made. The only way of avoiding this would have been by a denial of the existence of the alleged correspondence and this would have been a falsehood. In justice to the members implicated, one of whom is an occupant of the Front Opposition Bench, the correspondence ought to be published in any event. As Mr. Chamberlain said, the letters may be forgeries. In that case it is due to the implicated members that this should be publicly established: and if not it is due to the public that they should know how far members have ventured to go in encouraging their friends and our enemies.

The note of the Queen's Speech is Imperial. It could not well be otherwise. The session which closed on Wednesday admittedly has "not been favourable to legislation upon internal questions." In phraseology that is not remarkable for its novelty, we are told that the Companies Bill "will supply a want that has long been felt," and we are impressed with the singular modesty and exactness of the statement as to the Housing Act that it will afford "some assistance in the solution of a problem of which the difficulty appears to increase with every succeeding year." Australian Federation, the war in South Africa, the outbreak in China, the rising in Ashanti, the famine and the plague in India make up a formidable list of oversea responsibilities which in the nature of things could belong to no other nation. In paying a tribute to the heroism and the high military qualities of the troops which have been brought together under the Union Jack in South Africa, the Colonial forces are wisely linked with the Imperial. Nor is it altogether an accident that the first place is given in the Queen's speech to the Australian Commonwealth Act. Apart from the Ashanti Expedition, which was entirely successful, Australian Federation is the one complete Imperial event of the session. Fittingly, the new commonwealth has been rounded off in the last few days as the result of the West Australian referendum. Sir John Forrest congratulates Mr. Chamberlain that West Australia joins the Federation, and Mr. Chamberlain quite properly returns the compliment.

Another regrettable incident and apparently the further escape of De Wet are the features of the war news of the week. We now know that General Ian Hamilton was withdrawn from the East to assist General Baden-Powell—about whose capture the Boers have evinced considerable and perhaps injudicious activity. General Ian Hamilton left Pretoria on the 1st. His prisoners have stated that only soft-nosed bullets had been issued to them, and Lord Roberts has very rightly protested to General Botha against so gross an infringement of the law of nations. Rustenburg was reached on the 5th, and there firing was heard at Eland's River. It seemed to be more distant on the following day, and it was then hoped that the garrison had been relieved. On the 4th an attack was made on Eland's River, and a message was sent to Sir F.

Carrington who was on his way thither. But unfortunately the hope of relief has proved delusive, since General Delarey, hearing of General Ian Hamilton's approach, hurried off to Eland's River. Lord Roberts fears that the garrison after ten days' resistance has been captured—a most regrettable episode, and one calculated to give the Boers an erroneous impression of our progress.

From Sir Redvers Buller we have had no official news, but from General Smith-Dorrien comes the report of another treacherous but unsuccessful Boer attack at Frederickstad. Lord Kitchener has gone south to give Commandant De Wet his coup de grâce, it is hoped. The latter has crossed the Vaal, with Lord Kitchener in hot pursuit. Meanwhile on the north of the river Lord Methuen engaged part of De Wet's force and drove it off a succession of hills. From Kroonstad we hear that General Knox, who had proceeded northwards, attacked the enemy at Rhenoster Kop on the 2nd, that upon this they fled, and that they left in his hands five waggons and some cattle. On the same day a British train was attacked near Kroonstad, and some forty men—who were subsequently liberated—captured. General Hunter reports that 4,140 men and over 4,000 horses have been taken. Harrismith has surrendered to General Macdonald, and railway communication between that place and Natal has now been restored.

Everything is so illusive in the news about China that one only notes with a mild surprise the statement in the Queen's Speech that whether the British Minister and his family have been amongst the victims of the Peking Legation is still a matter of some uncertainty. But Mr. Brodrick had shortly before the reading of the Speech read a telegram from Sir Claude Macdonald dated from Peking on 3 August. This telegram naturally enough could not be in the speech, but as nothing special had occurred to cast doubts on the prevalent impression produced by the more favourable telegrams of last week it would seem as though this passage in the Queen's Speech had been composed at an earlier date and not been subsequently revised. From this telegram, and telegrams sent by Mr. Conger the United States Minister and M. Joostens the Belgian Minister of 2 August, it appears that though shell and cannon fire ceased on 16 July rifle-firing has been kept up daily by the Imperial troops. It is clear therefore that the stories sent by Chinese officialdom of the supplies of provisions to the Legations are Chinese chansons. Provisions as well as ammunition are in fact said to be almost exhausted.

The most important item however is that the advance on Peking, upon which depends the ultimate safety of the imprisoned residents, has actually begun, and that fighting on a large scale has already taken place. How much depends on the speedy success of this advance may be seen from a remark in Mr. Conger's message that the situation is more precarious, and that the Chinese Government is insisting upon the ministers leaving Peking "which means certain death." That is a very practical answer to the professions of Li-Hung-Chang and his confrères that the ministers would be conveyed under escort to Tien-tsin if the advance on Peking were abandoned. This at any rate is one advantage of the restored communications with ministers and especially of the use of the cipher which the Chinese had been refusing for a time to forward. Mr. Conger's comment on the insistence of the Chinese Government, and the proposal to the Powers that they should accept what the ministers themselves dread, throws a lurid light on the mala fides of the scheme so ostentatiously paraded as a convincing proof of the tender solicitude with which the Government had watched over the safety of the ministers.

From details of the fighting at Peitsang on Sunday it is evident that the allies have had good reason for the prolonged delay of the advance. Twelve thousand men, which seems to be almost their numerical strength, are few enough to attack the large bodies of Chinese troops barring the way in scientifically con-

structed entrenchments furnished with modern guns and who have not hesitated to turn the country into a morass by cutting the canals. Yet it is a favourable omen that the first serious conflict since Tien-tsin was left has resulted in a success which has not been discounted by too prolonged a resistance. Peitsang has been occupied, and the allies seemed prepared at once to cross the Peiho to the left bank and march upon Yang-tsun, and the result of this is the news of which we shall next hear. The losses of the allies at Peitsang are greater than any loss in one engagement during the South African war except at the battle of Colenso. They are put at 1,130: the British loss at 120, the Russian and Japanese being four or five times that number.

It is curious that at the moment when this success is gained by the concert of British, French, Russian, German, American and Japanese troops, the most important appointment of a Commander-in-Chief of the allied forces should be announced "in order to put an end to the differences between the Powers with regard to the command in chief." Parliament had adjourned before this announcement appeared in the papers and there has been no official confirmation of what seems to be regarded in all the European capitals as not the less authentic. As the account comes from Berlin we hear of a telegram received from the German Emperor on Monday night asking Field-Marshal Count von Waldersee if he would be willing to go to China as Commander-in-Chief, should the Emperor propose his appointment, and that the Count accepted. This is understood to mean that as the result of the negotiations between the Powers it had been left to the Emperor to propose a Commander-in-Chief. The appointment however must not be taken as absolutely an accomplished fact. It is doubtful if the acquiescence of the English Government has yet been obtained. For ourselves we sincerely hope that difficulties will not be thrown in the way of the settlement of a difficult and necessary preliminary to the complete success of the Peking expedition.

Lord Curzon's visit to the famine-stricken districts is likely to add to his reputation in an unexpected way. It happily coincided with the satisfactory rainfall which promises at last to bring the distress within manageable limits or even remove it altogether. The superstitious and courteous Indians are sure to declare that the Viceroy's presence has caused the rain. A reputation of this sort is a valuable asset to an Indian ruler. The people are ready to obey and follow a leader when they believe in his good fortune, which is to them another way of expressing his command of divine protection. When this influence is exerted on behalf of a suffering population, it almost qualifies for a place in the Pantheon. At any rate Lord Curzon deserved his good fortune if, being a mortal, he could not command it. It would be too soon to say that the danger is over. But if the monsoon development now reported is fairly sustained so as to ensure the late autumn harvest and permit a favourable sowing of the spring crops, a speedy return to normal conditions will be assured.

The employment of Imperial Service troops from India under their own chiefs, to reinforce the army in China, is a measure not less significant than the famous appearance of a Sepoy regiment in Malta. The great Indian feudatories now take line with the colonies in the defence of the Empire and become identified with its interests outside India. Their enthusiasm marks in a gratifying way their recognition of the wider position and importance which they gain by this measure. The selection of these fine regiments for foreign service lessens the drain on the regular army. Nevertheless the detachment of a further force from India to China cannot be regarded without apprehension. A great Empire cannot indeed be maintained without some risks but there seems to be a danger that, in the wider interests involved, the requirements of the country itself may be overlooked. The strength of the Indian Army has not been regulated with a view to foreign service on an extensive scale. If large bodies of troops

are to be withdrawn for indefinite periods, it will become necessary to increase the standard army proportionally and to reconsider the system and terms of recruitment. Prolonged and repeated service outside India would not be popular with some of the native races which now enlist in our regiments, though they accept the liability to foreign service as a term of their enlistment. If India is to become an Eastern reserve, it may be well to create a special foreign legion for service across the seas. Meanwhile it is only bare prudence that the garrison transferred to Africa should be returned the moment events in that quarter render such a step possible.

Herr Wilhelm Liebknecht whose death leaves Herr Bebel, the leader of the Socialists in the German Reichstag, the survivor of a friendship which endured for over half a century through the troubled politics of Germany, was by no means the greatest of the German Socialists, but no name is more representative than his of the principles and history of Social Democracy. His career began when Lassalle and Marx were laying the foundations of the great party which is now the greatest single political group in Germany, and has revolutionised all modern economical teaching. Bebel was a working-man: Liebknecht was a learned man of the middle classes and a descendant of Martin Luther. Both were revolutionaries in the days of 1848 and retained the tradition more than the party at large has done or will do in future, since it has learned how much can be achieved by peaceful and constitutional methods. The foolish people who suppose Socialism means creatures like Sipido, and Bresci, and Salson should learn something of the history of Social Democracy in Germany. True Hödel and Nobiling mere madmen made attempts in 1878 on the Emperor's life. Social Democracy suffered for this by the antisocialistic legislation of that year, but it never dreamed of retaliating with assassination. It made the mistake of opposing the Bismarckian creation of the Empire and was repressed, but came victorious out of the struggle in 1890 without having ever resorted to illegal methods. Liebknecht dies honoured even by his opponents, for his mistakes were generous, as a sincere patriot who worked devotedly throughout his life and suffered for a cause which some of the best elements in German society have adopted as that of their country.

The death of Lord Russell of Killowen was announced with so terrible an abruptness that it is hardly possible yet to accept the startling news. The legal profession and the public, whose interest was easily aroused in whatever related to the man whom they had known as the great advocate Sir Charles Russell, were aware that he was laid aside from his ordinary duties, but absolutely there was not the slightest suspicion that he was suffering from anything that threatened death. In Friday's morning papers it was said that an operation had been performed on Lord Russell and that he was progressing satisfactorily: in the earliest edition of the evening papers appeared the curt announcement that Lord Russell was dead. The Temple and the street alike were shocked. Lord Russell has adorned his great office for so short a time, he was so recently conspicuous as arbitrator on the Venezuelan boundary question, and has been within a few days so strenuous in the Courts, that his life would seem, in spite of his sixty-eight years, to be properly symbolised by the broken column. Yet a man's life is not incomplete because he does not outlive the reputation of his greatest years. This is what can truly be said of Lord Russell of Killowen.

Is religion with all the deepest things of the spiritual life to be made the sport of party politics in the coming General Election? Is a ring of persons obscure in every sense except as rancorous partisans of extreme Protestantism to be allowed by playing off one party against another to soil the Church with the trail of the wire-puller? That is a question which every Churchman, indeed every Christian, must put to himself at this moment. The correspondence in the "Times" seems to show that men of religious conviction are beginning to wake up to the degrading methods of spreading

their propaganda to which the Church Association is now resorting. Honest men and women, no matter what their particular school of religious thought, have only to be made aware of the real nature of the game these Low Church extremists are playing to repudiate it wholly. This is no question of Low or High Church: it is a question of keeping religion pure from the contamination of caucus-mongering and corruption, of preventing it being made a pawn in the political game. We know that the great majority of the Evangelical clergy are entirely opposed to this degradation of sacred things, and we look anxiously for a declaration from them on the point. In the meantime we note with much satisfaction that the English Church Union is not allowing itself to be betrayed by the grotesquely extravagant proceedings of the Church Association into any counter political demonstration. We trust that no High Churchman ever will think of promoting by political agitation the interest of his ecclesiastical party.

We do not question the Chancellor of the Exchequer's wisdom in placing half his issue of Exchequer bonds in New York, particularly if it is desirable to bring gold from the United States to London. But a wise thing may be done in a foolish way, and in his desire to be "smart" Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has gratuitously offended the City, and committed a blunder which will not be easily forgotten. The Government has just passed a new Companies Act, of which the chief object is to ensure that "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" shall be disclosed in the prospectus. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is the first person to evade this obligation. Late on Friday afternoon a prospectus was issued by the Bank of England, under the authority of the Lords of the Treasury, inviting applications for £10,000,000 Exchequer bonds. As £5,000,000 of those bonds had previously been offered to and taken by Messrs. J. S. Morgan and Co. and Messrs. Barings Brothers and Co. for placement in New York, such an invitation was misleading, and a material fact was not disclosed. On Saturday and Monday the Stock Exchange was not open, and at 10.50 on Tuesday morning the list of applications was closed. The irritation may be imagined, and if the Chancellor of the Exchequer was nothing worse than tactless to the last degree, the promoter of a company in similar circumstances, under the new law, would have been guilty of a graver offence.

With the sole exception of the above incident a more featureless week in the world of finance than the past would be very difficult to imagine, unless indeed the miserable weather may be considered a factor helping to intensify the general stagnation in all markets on the Stock Exchange. News from South Africa and the Far East has failed to produce any effect on prices one way or the other. The holidays have begun in earnest and interest has centred more in rifle, gun, or rod than in stocks, shares, or bonds. In the English railway market changes have been unimportant. The London and North-Western dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. as against 6½ per cent. last year about tallied with the expert's anticipation, but the stock has declined to 175, and the announcement that the Caledonian Railway is about to issue a million and a half deferred stock has brought the price down from 42½ to 38½. The statement of the chairman of the Central London Railway at its annual meeting was satisfactory from every point of view and the public are beginning to make inquiries for the shares, which remain at 10½. The sharp rise in copper securities to which we referred last week has been maintained, and while South African Mines have hardly varied in price, Australians have fallen steadily—the recent disappointing return from the Lake View Mine being the cause. Movements in American Railway shares have been merely nominal, and for the time being this market seems as absolutely dead. Dealings in the new issue of Exchequer bonds have not been on an extensive scale, and the premium which early in the week stood at ¼ was yesterday no better than ⅛. Gilt-edged securities have been firm, and Consols closed yesterday 98.

RUSHING THE LORDS.

THE session, whose inglorious but not mute career closed on Tuesday last, goes as unregretted as it came unwelcomed. Save for the passing of the Australian Commonwealth Bill, it leaves not a mark behind it. Hardly has it affected even the fortunes of the party game; for if the Government began disastrously, the Opposition have ended worse. "A weak Government and a weaker Opposition," is the verdict which best sums up the impression left by this session on those who have followed its proceedings. Its unequalled dullness is more its misfortune than its fault, for so great have been the rival attractions outside that not the most brilliant play within the House could have had any counter-effect as a draw. We can sympathise with the Government, the wearied showmen of this very dull drama, in their anxiety to stop the performance and be rid of the whole thing as soon as possible. That they should use their peculiar position in the Upper House to rush through public business at an almost indecent speed at the last moment of the session was natural and might almost be excusable this year, were it an exceptional proceeding when a Conservative Government is in power. Unfortunately it is not. Unfortunately it has long been the regular practice of Conservative Governments to bring up important measures at the far end of a session and then put the House of Lords to the unpleasant choice between wrecking Bills and supporting the Government by leaving them undiscussed. We are bound to say that in our view Lord Kimberley was thoroughly entitled to protest against the rushing through of the Elementary Education Bill on Friday week. His objection was an absolutely sound one and we say so with the less hesitation that we entirely disagree with the argument he wanted to urge against the Bill. Such proceeding is disrespectful to the Upper House, injurious to the measures proposed, and inconsistent with political fairness.

For what is the device? Bills involving matter of grave importance are discussed at great length in the Commons and not introduced into the Upper House until one or two days before the date when Ministers have announced that the session is expected to close. They are then introduced with a few perfunctory or rather valedictory remarks and read a second time practically without debate. Committee follows on. The Lord Chancellor puts the clauses *seriatim* and in a voice hardly audible even to his nearest neighbours declares the House to be content with every section before anyone can even discover what is going on. If any unfortunate peer wants to move an amendment, by the time he has found his place in the Bill Lord Halsbury has left it far behind. Except to Lord Salisbury and perhaps the Duke of Devonshire, or one or two other of the Olympians, speaking in the House of Lords is never too easy a task; the environment is not encouraging. What chance then has the ordinary peer who has some difficulty in knowing what Bill the Lord Chancellor is talking about, and in the flying passage of the clauses simply does not know where he is? Is it likely that he will rise and attempt to pull up Lord Halsbury only to be told that he is several clauses too late? But, the Government apologist will say, that is just the object. No one is wanted to speak. That is so; but it is an unfair and indecorous method of silencing him who does want to. It is also an unworthy party trick. The Unionist majority in the Lords is so enormous that it is useless, as Lord Kimberley pointed out, for the Opposition to protest, while the Ministerialists are coerced by the Government Whip and the threat of dropping Bills altogether. On the other hand, when a Radical Government is in power, all the dogs of Unionism in the Upper House are let loose on the Government's Bills, and the Ministry put to every inconvenience with the damaging election between lengthening the session and dropping their measures. We are quite aware that this may be very smart tactics, it may be the party game, but it strikes us that it is not playing it straight.

It is also injurious to the measures themselves. There are very few Bills come to the Lords with whose subject some peer or another has not a practical acquaintance; and his view on some of the details of the

proposal is always worth having. Most of the peers are men of affairs, and are of wider experience than the average member of the House of Commons; which makes them very competent to discuss a Bill in Committee. They may not speak well; usually they do not; but the Committee stage is not oratory, it is business. We believe that the most unqualified Radicals will admit that most Bills, especially such as are non-contentious, are improved in some detail or another in the Lords. In our own view, if the peers were given a fair chance, they would do the committee work far better than the Commons. Party spirit runs less high with them; the political game is less absorbing and leaves more energy for the business to be done.

Quite as serious, too, is the effect of this sessional rushing of the Lords on the Upper House itself and its status in the country. Is it not curious that the party which is supposed to be the special champion of the House of Lords should show such supreme contempt for their counsels? If the views of the Lords are so unimportant and of so little value that the session's few dying hours are all that can be spared for them, while they are jockeyed or dragooned into spending even those few hours in silence, it is difficult to see why the House of Lords should be preserved as a deliberative assembly at all. What other inference can the country possibly draw from a Unionist Government's treatment of the Upper House? And if a Conservative Ministry thinks the Lords not worth consulting, still more so should a Radical Government. And if both sides are agreed that the opinion of the House of Lords is not worth having, is it likely that both are wrong? Then why not settle an old dispute and end them? Surely no elector who knows what happened on Thursday and Friday week in the Lords can be blamed or thought stupid if he adopt this train of reasoning.

We advise the peers to take matters rather more into their own hands. The House of Lords is not the preserve of any Conservative leader: as an institution, apart from party and government, it is a more self-contained entity than the Commons. A speaker in the House of Peers does not address the Chancellor or any kind of chairman; he addresses "their lordships." The Conservative peers should insist on their right of debate. They should brave the Olympian thunderbolt, when they might find that it was more thunder than lightning. We happen to know very well that very many Unionist peers strongly resent the dragooning process to which their Chamber is constantly subjected. They should have the courage to resist and the industry to act. By their indolence and supineness they have largely brought about their own effacement. For one thing, the attendance of peers is anything but creditable to them. Very many never go to the House at all, while those of them who take some interest in their public duties think it enough to attend for one hour from about 4.30-5 to 6 o'clock in the afternoon. After 6 the House must give way to the club. To this rule peeresses' nights make the only exception; which looks as though the peers cared for their work only when their womenfolk's eyes were upon them. That may be very much to their ladies' credit, but it would be more to their praise could their influence keep the peers at work even in their absence. "My Lords" will do well to consider that if they do not take their work seriously, the country will not take them seriously.

THE ADVANCE ON PEKING.

WHAT we may trust will prove the final act of the great drama that is being played in North China began with the defeat of the Chinese on 6 August at Peitsang. It can be allowed to close only with the occupation of Peking. In the meantime anxiety in regard to the fate of the Legations cannot but be extreme. A fresh telegram from Sir Claude Macdonald gives us assurance that they were still safe on 3 August; and the fact that he was allowed to resume the use of cipher may be taken perhaps as a slight indication of improvement in their position. That cannon fire had not been resumed since 16 July, but rifle fire had continued intermittently, may be explained possibly by the composite character of the besieging force. The artillery,

who are necessarily among the most highly trained, would naturally be most under control, while sniping would as naturally be kept up by the mixed mass of "men with rifles" who maintain the siege. Chinese statements that the inmates had been supplied with fruit and vegetables, and that friendly relations had been established, are somewhat discounted by Mr. Conger's report that they had little ammunition or provisions, and that two progressive members of the Tsung-li-Yamen had been recently beheaded. The fact probably is that the fruit and vegetables represent presents of courtesy rather than supplies, and that the Extremists have been persuaded to suspend the attack, and permit communication, without loosening their grip.

We are still left to surmise what is actually taking place within the huge walls that screen the Forbidden City from the outer world. Certain inferences may, however, be reached by collating Chinese reports with the messages of the ministers and with the avowed Edicts of the Palace itself. We have before us two Edicts dated 25 and 26 June that have been allowed to find publicity in a Chinese newspaper published in Canton. The Chinese saying that "Edicts cannot lie" is somewhat discounted by the allegation that Prince Tuan held supreme power at the date of their issue; but the knowledge that that was so may lead us to read between the lines. They are in reply, seemingly, to Memorials from Li-Hung-chang and other great Provincial officials deprecating the hostilities that have occurred, and are in the nature of a plea that the Imperial Authority has been overborne. "That all the Viceroy and Governors [the Empress says, or is made to say] taking the strength and position of China into consideration do not like to enter on war is a wise course for the protection of the country; but by now the Boxers who arose only a few months ago have spread all over the city of Peking, numbering one hundred and more thousands. The common people, the soldiers, as well as the attendants in the houses of Princes and Dukes, are swelling their numbers and uttering the same threats of butchering their enemies, the foreign missionaries. They can never be made to stand together with the foreigners. If we are going to suppress them the calamity will be upon us at once, and very many lives will be lost. We therefore try to make the best of a bad case and to solve the difficulty gradually. The telegraphic Memorials speak of our trusting the magic of the Boxers to protect the country; but you must understand that the Throne, being hard pressed, cannot help letting the Boxers alone. If you Viceroy and Governors know that the present crisis is so severe, you will feel no rest in your sleep and be unhappy at your dinners. You must therefore make careful inquiries about the particulars of the position, and use no more such language in your Memorials. The present position is destined by Heaven in conjunction with the feeling of the people, so that we cannot help going to war. You Viceroy and Governors of different provinces should not hesitate to organise soldiers and raise war funds to protect boundaries. The Viceroy and Governors are responsible for any loss of land." Nothing can absolve the Empress and her reactionary confederates from responsibility for the movement which has assumed such portentous dimensions. It is alleged indeed that, at a Cabinet Council held on 16 June at which proposals of relentless war against all foreigners were opposed by Hsu Ching-cheng (who has since been executed for his opinions) and others, she frankly espoused the side of the Extremists. We are concerned only with the endeavour to obtain a glimpse into the arcana.

It was about the end of June that Yung Lu warned the Viceroy that edicts purporting to issue from the Palace emanated really from Prince Tuan; and a paragraph in the "North China Herald" of 27 June affirms that Prince Tuan did then hold supreme power; that he had divided the Boxers into eight corps or Banners, after the Manchu style; that the Emperor, Empress-Dowager, Yung Lu and others of moderate policy were at his mercy; that so-called Imperial Edicts since the 18th instant had been issued at his initiative; and that a large body of Manchu troops under his command guarded the Palace preventing ingress or egress of those not under him. That the war party are still in

the ascendent is proved by the appointment of the notorious Li-Ping-heng to the chief command of the field forces in Chih-li; but the cessation of the attack on the Legations may indicate a measure of success in "solving the difficulty gradually" which the Edict indicates as the object in view. Whether Prince Tuan had cognisance of it before it went forth, or whether it is in the nature of a semi-official communication from the Empress to Li, must be matter of surmise.

In a country where everything narrows back from precedent to precedent and where it is a maxim that wisdom lies in the past, history may be expected to repeat itself with more than usual accuracy; and we shall not perhaps be far wrong in assuming that the account given by a Chinese official to Sir Harry Parkes of what went on during his imprisonment in Peking in company with Lord Loch and others, in 1860, represents approximately what is going on now. "Everything, he was told, was in confusion; there had been daily discussions, the majority of the Council being in favour of the prisoners being put to death and the war being carried on with vigour; and this policy was only hindered by the activity of the minority, at the head of which was Hang-ki. . . . The Emperor, who had retired to Jehol, was surrounded by the leaders of the anti-progressive party who were in favour of a war policy, and they constantly urged the execution of the prisoners as they considered that, if this were done, it would commit men of all parties and be the means of obliging them to combine, for their common safety, to resist the allied armies. Two or three times this policy was on the point of being carried out, but the active resistance offered to it by the leaders of the minority had been successful in procuring delay." At last Hang-ki received private information that the Emperor had consented, and thereupon made the representations to Prince Kung which led to their release. "The sudden advance of the Anglo-French troops and the capture of Yuen-min-yuen had greatly alarmed him, and made him more willing to listen to Hang-ki's statements as to the power of the Allies to inflict a severe punishment on Peking for any injury done to the prisoners." Their deliverance was accomplished, by the narrowest of margins, a quarter of an hour before the decree ordering their execution arrived. They were placed in covered carts, escorted by a powerful body of troops to the city gates, put outside, and turned adrift. Happily the allied forces were in close proximity and they were able, after an interval of anxiety, to rejoin their friends. But here the parallel ceases. There is no such accessible haven of refuge for the ministers at present, and it is impossible to resist Mr. Conger's conclusion that acquiescence in the request of the Chinese Government that they would leave Peking would have meant "certain death." Is it in the least degree likely that the inmates of the Legations, embarrassed with two hundred women and children, would have been able to pass safely through an eighty-mile zone occupied by Boxers and soldiers commanded by men of the type of Tung Fuh-siang? We are tempted to sum up the situation in the words of another Edict (dated 25 June) which, after alluding to the bombardment of the Taku Forts as having aggravated the situation, concludes: "The Legations are in a most dangerous position. . . . It is too far off to forecast whether the position will turn out ill or well." The one clear duty before the allied troops is to press forward to the capital. There will be two periods of great danger. There is danger that the war party may procure the destruction of the Legations and their inmates in the hope of committing all parties irretrievably to war. There will be another period of danger when the Chinese troops, defeated and driven back upon the capital, may seek revenge for their defeat. There is danger, in fact, all round; but experience and analogy tend to show that the best hope lies in a prompt, energetic and sustained advance.

ADVERTISEMENT AND ANARCHISM.

SINCE 1865 two reigning sovereigns and the consort of another, three heads of Republican States, and at least one leading statesman have been the victims of common murderers. In fact the occupation of high

stations is already little less dangerous than it was in the days of the Reformation when the "taking-off" of opponents was a recognised form of political activity. The late King of Italy did not exaggerate the conditions when he remarked after his escape from a previous attempt on his life that such occurrences were among the risks of his trade. If the witticism had been recorded of Henri IV. we should have smiled at the singular urbanity of his cynicism, but when it is uttered and found appropriate at the close of the nineteenth century, it is a scathing sarcasm on the vaunted civilisation of the century itself.

Saving the Nihilist plots, which stand apart, there is no palliation or explanation of these latter-day assassinations, or attempted assassinations, to be found in religious fanaticism or any coherent political creed. In this respect we are forced to place our Brescis of to-day on a lower level than the Jacques Cléments and Balthazar Gérards of three centuries ago. It is unfortunately true that Italy has produced more than its fair proportion of such monsters, but it would be idle to argue that exceptional misery in Italy is responsible for exceptional crime. The statements of the assassins themselves are quite enough to disprove any such theory. Murder in all its varieties is painfully rife in Italy, where the statistics of violent death bear an alarming disproportion to those of other countries. Can the phenomenon seriously be put down to bad economic conditions or over-taxation?

The abolition of capital punishment and the comparative leniency with which Italian public opinion regards crime are at least partly responsible for the danger to public order and private safety, while the theories of Lombroso and his followers, inviting society to see in the criminal a victim of circumstances to be pitied rather than an enemy of society to be eliminated, cannot be left out of the calculation. They prepare the ground in which the seed of anarchism, as well as other noxious weeds, flourish. When a vicious and half-crazy individual finds the irresponsibility of the criminal accepted all around him and the Press filled with inflammatory appeals, some of which are hardly to be distinguished from incitements to murder, it is not wonderful that he welcomes in the assassination of some royal or distinguished person a safe and easy form of self-advertisement. Such crimes have nothing to do with politics or with any social or religious propaganda. To dub them "Socialistic" is a sheer absurdity. How loosely ideas are held, and how vague are the views of men passing for intelligent, when to urge the destruction of all society and to advocate its supremacy over the individual are held to be one and the same thing! There is perhaps not a more striking instance of the ignorant and childish readiness with which the dinner-out discusses serious questions.

It is almost impossible to set up any consistent theory, save one, which will satisfactorily account for these assassinations. In the case of all the criminals in question there is one marked feature always present, and that is a diseased vanity swollen to proportions of madness. Any remedy proposed or severities suggested will have little effect unless they have relation to this salient fact. Unfortunately the attitude of the public, and even of the authorities in some countries, seems calculated at present to feed this disorder rather than to repress it. What are we to think of the courage of the Belgian Government in the case of Sipido, or the discretion of the Swiss functionary who visited in his cell the murderer of the late Empress of Austria and announced to him the successful perpetration of another crime like his own? Not only have we this most inept proceeding duly recorded in the public prints but the comments of the prisoner are also set forth for the edification of readers. Thus the morbid interest of this kind of monster is kept alive and fostered, and when a stimulus is wanting it is actually supplied by the agency of the officers of the law. "Interviews" with their relatives, associates, and even the criminals themselves are supplied to their readers by the newspapers while we are deluged with details of moral madmen whose principal object in their crime is to obtain the very notoriety thus afforded. Hence one attempt, successful or otherwise, is usually followed by others, and we have an outbreak of that epidemic which the news-

papers, having done their best to propagate, afterwards proceed to deplore. Only the other day a halfpenny morning paper in London had a leading article deprecating the notoriety given to these "Anarchist" criminals on one page, and an interview with Bresci on the next.

If any serious and concerted attempt to deal with this class of crime is to be made by civilised Governments, it is quite clear that a prominent feature in it will have to be a general "press law" which will bridle the exuberance of the journalistic imagination or an undue pursuit of "copy." The briefest record of such crimes and the least possible notice of the criminal himself and his surroundings must be insisted on. It is a significant fact that King Humbert's assassin has repeatedly asked for newspapers and for information as to what the public think of him. A press law such as we have suggested would remove the principal incentive to these crimes.

In the second place it is highly desirable that as little detail as possible should be furnished to the world as to the legal process and the subsequent disposal of these criminals. Their trials and executions should be accompanied with as little of publicity as possible. Ordinary murderers are executed privately in England and if abuses might attend such executions in countries less free than our own, we might in agreeing to take common action with other nations procure the adoption of the necessary safeguards. The Spanish Government has set a sensible example by its stringent suppression of press comments on the doings of these vulgar regicides. Lord Salisbury's proposal made in 1894 to give the Ministry power to expel dangerous foreigners might perhaps be revived, but, even if accompanied by the wholesale closing of Anarchist clubs, it can do little unless prurient publicity, the only atmosphere in which the germs of this disease can live or at any rate thrive, is scrupulously denied to those whose moral system is infected with them.

THE CHINESE ARMY.

I.—IMPERIAL OR CENTRAL FORCES.

THE dual administration which pervades the civil government of China has its counterpart in the military and naval organisation. As there is a central government and a series of provincial governments each to a certain extent independent of the others, so there is a central or Imperial army and a number of provincial armies. The Imperial troops are paid by and are under the control of the central government, while the provincial forces are paid out of the revenues of the several provinces and their primary duty is to repress disorder and ward off attack within their particular province. The same is in a measure true of the navy.

As originally constituted, the Manchu troops were the only Imperial forces. These, divided into eight corps or banners, were quartered partly in Peking and partly as garrisons in the principal provincial capitals. The commander-in-chief of each garrison was and is known as the Tartar general. He holds equal rank with the Viceroy but is totally independent of him and responsible only to the Crown. He exercises sole jurisdiction over all persons enrolled as Banner men within his district and is armed with summary powers of life and death. As distinguished from Manchus, the Chinese forces of the Empire are called the Lu Ying or Army of the Green Standard, and were originally all provincial troops. Military service was compulsory for all Manchus but Chinese soldiers were enlisted voluntarily and usually for life. The pay was poor but the duties were easy and as they lived a sedentary life in small camps, there was not much to distinguish them from the ordinary peasant. In the troublous times that prevailed from 1850 to 1870 occasioned by the Taiping and other rebellions this organisation utterly broke down in both branches and a third class of soldiers had to be called into existence. These were termed in Chinese "Yung" meaning "braves" or irregulars and on them the brunt of the fighting of the last fifty years has fallen. The recruiting ground for this class of men has been mainly the province of Hunan which has long had a reputation for bravery. They are enlisted for short service, are

better paid and better armed than the others, and now form the main strength of the Chinese army such as it is.

The forces at the disposal of the Imperial Government and now confronting the allied troops in their advance on Peking consists of two distinct elements—first the Manchu army and second the so-called grand army of the North. The old Manchu organisation having fallen into decadence, a new system has sprung up viz. the formation of separate corps of picked Banner men, each under the leadership of a prince of the blood or other high noble. The corps best known and longest in existence is the Peking Field Force now or recently under the command of Prince Ching. The men are well armed with modern weapons and the corps possesses an efficient park of artillery. The strength of this body is nominally 20,000. The whole strength of the various corps of Manchu troops may be put at 50,000 to 60,000. In the conflicting accounts which have recently come forward it does not appear certain who is in supreme command of the combined force nor whether the various sections are acting with a common purpose. Prince Tuan would appear to be asserting himself in the position of dictator, but on the other hand if it is correct as reported that he and Prince Ching have come into collision there must be a serious split among the Manchus themselves, which would gravely impair their powers of offering resistance to the allied advance.

The Chinese section of the Imperial forces has been called the grand army of the North and consists of five corps or divisions under the supreme command of Yung Lu, a Manchu. Its present constitution is of quite recent origin, having indeed been reconstructed by the Empress Dowager out of the débris of Li-Hung-Chang's troops such as they were left at the close of the Japanese war. We say Li-Hung-Chang's troops because the creation of a body of purely native soldiery, not being part of the provincial garrisons, was due to the initiative of that officer during the long period when he was Viceroy of Chihli. Li-Hung-Chang had himself borne the chief part in the suppression of the Taiping rebellion and knew better than anybody else the value of soldiers of the "brave" class when well armed and drilled and officered by foreigners such as was Gordon's "Ever Victorious Force." On the advice of Gordon and Sir Harry Parkes he formed at the close of the Taiping war a camp of instruction near Shanghai under two English officers. Later he transferred the camp to Tien-tsin and substituted German for English instructors. Being well supplied with funds from Peking he built up an army of 50,000 or more men all of whom were supposed to have been drilled and armed on foreign principles. One thing however he neglected which the example of Gordon's force might have taught him. He put no foreign officer in any position of trust, with the result that while the men were being drilled the officers learned nothing and peculation and corruption continued to work as a canker. As a consequence the army went to pieces when confronted by the Japanese troops.

After the war a serious effort was made to reconstitute the force as the first line of defence of the capital. While every other department was being pinched and starved the Empress Dowager insisted on money being forthcoming for the pay of these troops. Large numbers of the provincial forces were disbanded and the money thereby set free was ordered to be sent to Peking. Immense supplies, as we now know, both of arms and ammunition were ordered from Europe, particular attention being devoted to field artillery. The force was made up by combining four divisions to which a fifth was afterwards added, each bearing a high-sounding designation in Chinese; the whole force was put under the command of Yung Lu who is or was a devoted adherent of the Empress Dowager. The total strength of the force is reported to be from 50,000 to 70,000, the smaller number probably being nearer the truth.

The several divisions are best known by the name of the generals in command. Of these the most prominent are Yuan Shih Kai, General Nieh, a General Ma, and the notorious Tung Fu Siang, or Brigadier-General Tung. The first three are Chinese, not Manchus; Generals Nieh and Ma were both employed in the Japanese war and presumably have had some military

experience. Yuan Shih Kai is a pure civilian, which however from a Chinese point of view is no objection. He was for a number of years Resident or Consul-General in Korea, where he developed diplomatic talents of a high order. His recent appointment to the governorship of Shantung, which he appears to hold along with his military functions and which is extremely rapid promotion for his age, marks him out as a coming man. The part he played at the time of the coup d'état in 1897 points to his being somewhat of a trimmer, though in the present state of Chinese politics he may be none the less useful on that account.

Tung Fu Siang is a Manchu and the most thorough-going of the lot. There is nothing of the trimmer about him, for his single advice since his arrival in Peking two years ago has been war to the knife against the foreigner. He commands some 10,000 or 12,000 so-called Mohammedan troops who were recruited in the Western provinces of Shansi and Kansuh and have been actively employed there for some years in putting down rebellions and risings. The term Mohammedan has reference rather to their place of origin than to their religion. A large section of the population of the two provinces named call themselves "Hwei-hwei" which is usually translated Mohammedan, but they would be the very last to admit that they owe any allegiance to the head of that faith. Their loyalty, such as it is, means devotion to their chief General Tung who seems to have inspired them with a full share of his hatred of foreigners.

This is the flower of the Imperial army. The full strength of the forces now available to oppose the allied advance is thus at the outside about 120,000 men made up in equal moieties of Manchus and Chinese. There are scattered garrisons of Manchus and Mongols both infantry and cavalry in Manchuria who might be called in for the defence of Peking but as they seem to be fully occupied nearer home their aid is not to be counted on. Requisition on the provincial troops is the only other method of augmenting the defending forces.

LITERATURE AND INTERNATIONAL GOOD FEELING.

LITERATURE is not the whole of life. The man who is merely, or even distinctively literary—whether his literary pre-occupation be that of a reader or a writer—is, as a rule, a much more incomplete character than the man who has seen much of life, and knows very little of literature. Certainly in society he is, beyond all comparison, duller, and, as to practical matters, his judgment is most worthless. We shall not be thought guilty of undervaluing literature when we assert that those literary persons who are supposed to attach more importance to it, are the very persons who realise least how great its importance is. Just as they know but little of England who only England know, so they know little of literature whose knowledge is only literary. Literature is valuable not because it is a substitute for life, but because it illuminates life, and enriches it. It depends on practical experience, even when serving as a refuge from it. What is love-poetry to a man who has never loved? The love-poem is the oracular dream which assists us to interpret the passion; but it is only through experience of the passion that the interpretation of the dream is to be found. Macaulay, commenting on the allusive character of Milton's poetry, said that "it acts like an incantation," and that at its spell "all the burial places of the memory give up their dead." A similar thing may be said of all imaginative literature. At its spell all the burial places of experience give up their dead, and they are given up to judgment. But the relations of literature to life are not confined to relations of the kind we have just indicated—that is to say relations to the life and experience of the individual. It has analyses relative to life of a wider kind; and these, we think, have been very imperfectly apprehended. It has relations to the life of each nation within itself. It reacts on it, helps to mould it, modify it, and gives it consistency. This is a function of literature to which criticism has often drawn attention; but besides its relations to national life, it

has relations to international life also; and it is to these that we would draw special attention.

Literature, regarded thus, is a kind of moral and social heliograph, which overcomes racial, historical, and geographical obstacles, and makes millions who never know each other through personal intercourse, and might, for various reasons fail to understand each other, if they did, familiar acquaintances, and mutually sympathetic friends. The passionate admiration, for example, which Shakespeare has met with in Germany, constitutes a bond of sympathy between the English and the German nations, which is certainly not confined to the domains of literary taste and philosophy. It forms, for both nations, a constant witness to, and a constant reminder of, the fact that there subsists between them a deep moral, and a deep intellectual brotherhood, which tends to neutralise the prejudices arising from differences of manners and temperament, and even to mitigate those arising from differences of political interest. Nor has this literary influence been due to England only. If England has given Shakespeare to Germany, Germany has given Goethe to England. Shakespeare and Goethe have created a common world, of which the hearts and minds of Englishmen and Germans are alike citizens; and hence there must in each country be a large class, and a class influential out of all proportion to its numbers, to which war between the two nations would seem not only war, but civil war. And if literature forms such a bond between England and Germany, it forms a bond between England and France, which is stronger and more striking still. It is more striking because of our greater propinquity to France; and the stronger and more familiar character of the mutual antipathy between the French temperament and the English. It is stronger, because the French language is more widely known in England than the German, and a knowledge of French literature more widely diffused. It may very likely be true that there is between France and England less literary reciprocity than there is between England and Germany. The great French writers may be better known in England, than the great English writers are known in France; but though it takes two nations to make a quarrel, the temper of one nation may do much to prevent one, and English familiarity with and admiration for the great literature of France is a force which undoubtedly makes for peace with our nearest neighbours, even should there be no corresponding influence acting similarly on them. As a matter of fact, however, certain of our English writers enjoy in France a popularity which is not only great, but important; the novels of Scott having had, for a certain time at all events, a distinct influence on the social and political temper of the nation, and having re-aroused sympathy with the ideas of a stable conservatism, a love for the past, and a reluctance to break with its traditions, which the genius of Dumas did much to perpetuate.

We prefer, however, on the present occasion to speak not for France, but for ourselves; and we can, for ourselves, speak with no uncertain sound. The cultivated class of this country regard French literature, as a whole, with a profound and often envious, admiration. It is true that in ordinary conversation the term "French novel" is used as a synonym for novels which are liked because they ought not to be liked. But novels such as these are not the great literature of France. Balzac, Dumas, and Victor Hugo—and, in spite of his faults, M. Zola—it is novelists such as these, that we English read and remember, and as we read them we insensibly become citizens of France. We love the Paris with which they make us familiar, the provincial town, and the infinitely varied country; and seeing the kindly likeness between the French nature and our own, the difference between it and our own, does but add piquancy to our sympathy with it. Of all the forms of literature which make nations acquainted with one another, the novel, during the present century, has been certainly the most important; but it is not by any means to novels that our present observations are confined. With the requisite qualification they apply to French literature generally. Cultivated Englishmen, who have any true taste for poetry, though they see in their own poetry much that in the poetry of France is wanting, see a certain charm in the latter, which is not attainable in their own—a

plaintiveness, a sonority, a union of the gay with the pathetic, an exquisite and classical simplicity, which only escapes banality by being its brilliant opposite. If anyone wishes to see how, within certain limits, the French Muse is superior to her English sister, let him compare Mr. Swinburne's poem—exquisite as it is—

"We are in love's hand to-day,
When shall we go?"

with the original which it attempts to reproduce: and he will understand something of what we mean. He will see the flight of the bird attempting to emulate the flight of the butterfly. And in poetry of a more serious order the French Muse tantalises the English, by other kinds of charms and power, possessed by herself alone. The recognition of this by the cultivated English reader does something to increase our admiration of the French genius, and to deepen our sympathy with the French nation. Another form of literature, pre-eminently French, does more—the literature of correspondence and memoirs; and to this must be added the literature of French history. The French themselves cannot take a keener interest in the history of France during the past century and a half than do the English: and all this means a sympathy with the French nation. Again, the singular success of the French in the cultivation of style, appeals to English taste, and through taste to English sympathy. It would be, perhaps, injudicious to dwell too much on English appreciation of the French drama; because it might be argued, with considerable show of truth, that this testified to lack of invention amongst English writers of plays, rather than to any national sympathy, on our part, with French writers. And yet few plays in London have been more successful than "Cyrano de Bergerac;" and the destruction of the Comédie Française in Paris was felt, almost as though it had been an English calamity, in London.

It is possible, no doubt, to make too much of the influence of literature in fostering international amity, and softening international prejudice. Between civilised nations, when friction leads to war, there is generally at the bottom of the quarrel some real, or supposed, conflict of interest between them—some real or supposed menace to the practical prosperity, or the political prestige, of one or other of them. But assuming the existence of some ground of practical disagreement, the probability of an amicable adjustment depends to a very great extent not on the reason, but on the temper of the two nations implicated. Such being the case, it is a matter of the utmost moment, that the temper in which the two nations regard each other, should be as free as possible from all groundless prejudice, and rendered as friendly as possible, by liberal and clear-sighted sympathy. And to such sympathy few things contribute so much as literature. Many Frenchmen imagine that the English nation, as a whole, is animated by some traditional and unswerving hostility to France. Of sections of the English nation this may perhaps be true. But in respect of Englishmen as a whole, this idea is very wide of the truth; and in respect of cultivated Englishmen, it is a grotesque inversion of the truth. In a war with France, whether England were victor or vanquished, every cultivated Englishman would feel it a personal calamity to be forced to regard as an enemy a country whose writers and literature have created for him a mental world, in which he lives as though it were his own, only knowing that it is not his own by the freshness of the admiration which it excites in him, and in which Frenchmen, despite a variety of estranging accidents, become to him as familiar and sympathetic, as the members of his own household.

HEIRS OF THE AGES.

WHAT are the advantages and disadvantages of being born in one century rather than in another? In the one of which we have actual experience compared with any others in the long backward and extent of time, whose conditions we only know historically, and can only reconstitute by an effort of imagination? The question is one which is not put with any

intention of furnishing an answer to it. As Mr. Balfour said in a recent address on the nineteenth century, and as Lessing said before him on the pursuit of truth in general, it is not the conclusion so much as the inquiry that makes the question worth asking at all. We are living in an age which everybody is agreed to distinguish as the age of science, in the age of steam and on the threshold of the age of electricity. There is hardly a Philistine politician or writer who would not be prepared at short notice to compose speech or article, after a glance at the famous passage of Lord Macaulay's review of Southey's "Colloquies on Society," to prove that before the invention of the steam-engine and the lighting of the streets with gas, life was not worth living. And indeed it is hard for the nineteenth-century man, and probably it will be harder for the man of the twentieth century, to whom the physical comfort of life is the test of civilisation, as it is the standard of happiness for the middle-aged, to repress a shudder at the bare possibility of his being transplanted by some miracle into the discomforts of the pre-steam or pre-gaseous periods. With his feelings it would make little difference into what age the transference might be. In any age but that division of the age of iron in which he has been born and bred, bronze age or stone age or even the age of gold, it would be all the same and he feels he would be an unhappy man. Yet this is not conclusive. The modern who is the heir of all the ages, and has inherited the wealth of material comfort which has been so long accumulating, is like the individual rich man who fears poverty more than the poor man does who has been on familiar terms with it all his life. One hundred and fifty years ago Englishmen were practically destitute of almost all the luxuries and refinements which most classes now except the poorest look on as the necessities of existence. Yet that very short step backward takes us to the middle of the eighteenth century which Mr. Balfour characterises as being distinguished by unity and finish. Supposing Mr. Balfour could, while retaining the consciousness of the nineteenth century, wake up, in the manner of one of Mr. Wells' heroes, some morning in the eighteenth century, say in the depth of winter, and inquire in vain for his bath, we may be sure that he would not be so profoundly impressed with the unity and finish of the century in which he found himself. But that would never occur to the man born to the manners and customs of the eighteenth century. Our predecessors got on very well lacking baths and many other appliances without being aware of any deprivation, and we cannot therefore claim that we of the nineteenth century have the immense advantage over them that we are in the habit of assuming we possess. Besides, every additional means of comfort implies a new source of annoyance, of discomfort, and possibly of danger. Beauty disappears, and the purity of stream and air is polluted, new diseases are introduced, dangers to life and limb increase, squalor increases in quantity if not in intensity amongst the growing masses of the lower ranks. In short we have to endure all the accompanying disadvantages of modern life, and many of us doubt, as Mr. Balfour evidently does, whether, while in the midst of it, we can balance one group of facts against another group with such accuracy as to arrive at any positive conclusion regarding the comparative advantages and disadvantages of living in the present rather than in some previous century.

This is a somewhat depressing result for those who believe that the march of the human race is to a millennium of ineffable material comfort. But in fact it should give the benevolent mind a sense of satisfaction that *les pauvres diables* of former generations were no unhappier than we are ourselves, and it should give the philosophic mind a fresh proof of the great law of nature that there is compensation in everything. Mankind, started with very little but the less men had the more they economised and made the most of it. Lord Avebury in his "Prehistoric Times" shows how the primitive man whose wealth, judging from that and similar books, apparently mainly consisted of flint, made the most of it by delicately slicing off every flake that a flint could possibly yield. Mr. Balfour in the address we have mentioned showed that our

wealth, which we need hardly say consists of coal is so largely wasted that if we could find out some way of wasting only 80 per cent. we should at once double the advantage we get from it. That is to say that now, when the reign of the steam engine seems to be almost over, we have not yet learned to get more than a small fraction of the good we might *a priori* have thought it would be to us. And this is precisely the way in which man all through the ages has been wasting his heritage. He has been like the inexperienced heir to a fortune who has muddled it away through sheer ignorance, and, with a confused feeling that he was richer than the grandfather who first began to accumulate it, has not had the sense to make half as much use of it as was possible. Probably the same thing will happen in the era of electricity, and we shall be using it in a similar blundering fashion to that in which we now use steam when the next new motive power is discovered. This is the fallacy of the progressive ages; there are so many new theories and new discoveries that not half of them can be digested and turned to practical account. We should perhaps be blessed if, in the physical sciences and the industries that depend on them, we had arrived at that point which we have admittedly reached in regard to philosophy and the fine arts. It has been observed that modern philosophy consists in saying in bad German what was said in good Greek two thousand years ago. What an advantage it would be if all the nations of Europe were still commenting in their military treatises on the comparatively simple armaments of the phalanx and the trireme! In this we admire the wisdom of the Chinese who many centuries ago, having got tired of making brilliant discoveries which threw into confusion all the fixed customs and comfortable prejudices without which life becomes a mere hubbub of sound and fury signifying nothing, resolved to settle down quietly and work out the old truths to their natural conclusions. This is hardly the time for saying much in praise of the Chinese, but we may remark that there are European writers that have lived amongst them who maintain that they have much to teach Europeans in the art of living well and happily. This after all is an art for which there is a good deal to be said, though we Europeans have not yet been conspicuously successful in mastering it, our time having been too much occupied in making the discoveries and applications of the discoveries for which the nineteenth century is so famous.

GROUSE AND GASTRONOMY.

THE red grouse should be doubly dear to patriotic gourmands, for he is a speciality of the British islands, and it is only on this side of the Channel he is to be enjoyed in perfection. Till very lately he was never inscribed on the long roll of delicacies in Parisian restaurants, and the great French masters who have left immortal treatises on gastronomy have nothing to say about him. It is sad to reflect that he never graced the board of Cambacères, and that Brillat Savarin who breaks out in impassioned eloquence over the snipe-stuffed and truffled pheasant, the wild turkey of America, the beccafico of the fig-gardens, and the red partridge of the Sologne, was gathered to his fathers without tasting a grouse. But even Southrons and Londoners not so long ago were in much the same benighted condition. Among the many blessings which we owe to rail and steamboat is the multiplication and diffusion of the grouse. As communications were improved, moors became worth preserving: the vermin were killed down and the grouse flourished. Now, ere the close of the second week of August, the platforms at Aberdeen, Perth and Inverness are encumbered by trucks, laden with game boxes: every sportsman sends souvenirs to distant friends of the hill-fowl embedded in their native heather: poachers who are sadly previous in snaring and shooting have anticipated the earliest consignments by express for Her Majesty's dinner table; and if the weather be warm, towards the end of the month, there is a glut with

the poulterers in the cheap City restaurants. In short, the grouse has been popularised from the palace down to the semi-detached suburban residence. In our opinion he is out of sight the best of game birds, and good judges agree. Yet we have known men of undeniable taste who have actually avowed a preference for the partridge. Of course it is proverbial that there is no disputing about tastes—the lamented Miss Kingsley enjoyed well-hung crocodile, at which her cannibal carriers turned up their noses. The fault may not have been altogether in our unfortunate friends' palates. Much depends upon early impressions, and though grouse will bear transport as well as most birds, unlike ingenious youth they are seldom improved by travel. Plucked and suspended in an airy larder in cool weather, they will keep well for ten days or a fortnight, but with hasty packing in an hermetically closed case, naturally in hot weather they will turn fusty. Moreover there are grouse and grouse, and unless you can absolutely trust the poulterer, buying a brace in London is a speculative gamble. We have nothing to say against Yorkshire or Northumbrian birds: they are excellent and succulent in their way—fine, fat and well favoured. But they have little in common with their northern kinsfolk, and the wild flavour has been toned down by the luxuries of civilisation. The birds of the North, the wild nurslings of the mist and the mountain, have been feeding from chickenhood on the tender heather shoots, till they are impregnated with the scents of the moorlands as the capercaillie with the turpentine of the pines. Their congeners of the Yorkshire wolds have been taking daily flights to the wheatsheaves, and lose in flavour and rich colour what they gain in flesh.

However, we have no desire to revive international animosities—in the days of the old border raiding the Cheviot grouse were as savage as the birds of Ross—and much depends, as we said, on early impressions. When you have been born and brought up near the Highland line, you are apt, as they say in the Scotch Kirk, to overestimate your privileges, and look down with Calvinistic contempt on those who have been less highly favoured. One ought to have revelled in the rude profusion of a Highland shooting box, a score of miles or more from the nearest butcher, when week after week you ring the changes on grouse, salmon and sea-trout, sea-trout, salmon and grouse, with soup made after the Ettrick Shepherd's receipt, of half a dozen blue hares to the tureen. Salmis of grouse or grouse pie for breakfast: cold grouse stowed away in the panniers for luncheon: grouse as the orthodox *rôti*, the *pièce de résistance* for dinner. We have done some rough cooking on the hillside ourselves, when, having missed the luncheon party or been belated in a mist, we roasted a delicate young bird on a ramrod, and very well it tasted. We have superintended the spatch-cocking or brandering in some shepherd's shealing, and if butter for basting were forthcoming—which was by no means invariably the case—have had cause to congratulate ourselves on a triumph of cookery. To be sure, when you bring a mountain appetite to such a meal, it is worth all the condiments that were ever patented.

And insinuations go for as much as early impressions. There is nothing like some cherished fragrance to awaken the chords of memory, and in our experience, memorable meals are the milestones of an earthly pilgrimage. Doubtless they are capriciously distributed, and not a few may be missing. But frizzled parsley that used to be served with the fresh sardines always conjures up all the beauties of the Bay of Naples, with Capri floating on the horizon, between the azure of sea and sky. Pig's fry reminds us of the Matterhorn in storm, because we feasted on that delicacy, when we dropped in, fasting, on Herr Seiler at Zermatt, the first guest of the season. Smoked cutlets à la Maintenon bring up the Bedouin and the sands of Ismailia, when Ismail Pacha was entertaining all and sundry. But to come back to the North, from which we have wandered far afield, as fresh herrings reach the Sound of Mull and the sea-girdled Hebrides, so the scent of roast grouse, like a pair of seven-leagued boots or the enchanted carpet of the Arabian magician, sends us ranging in fancy through

the Northern desolation. A generation ago there were few fashionable hotels in the Highlands, and none of those detestable Hydropathic establishments, which are neither fish, flesh, nor red herrings. But when on a walking tour, with fishing-rod and knapsack, you could always arrange for quarters in some decent inn. With short warning, and on the second evening at all events, you could generally fare sumptuously. There were trout from the loch and grouse from the hill, followed by a potful of preserved cranberry, with plentiful libations of rich yellow cream, corrected by the genuine Islay or Glenlivet. And those modest landladies, though they might not boast the skill of Meg Dodds, had sound notions of good old-fashioned cookery. Bread sauce, to our mind, is a solecism with grouse: admirable as an accompaniment to pheasant or partridge, with grouse it is an insipid superfluity. Though bread crumbs are unobjectionable, we have no opinion of them. Potato chips are neither here nor there: but they are worthless unless very delicately fried. The true way to dress a grouse, like most excellent methods, is simple in the extreme. Roast quickly before a brisk fire. Ten minutes before serving, dredge with baked flour and baste freely with butter. But this is the point:—Serve on bread, *toasted under the birds while roasting*, and thoroughly saturated with butter.

Of course the special charm is in the bitter of the trails, and the bitter only comes to perfection with Highland breeding. We own, to our shame, when woodcocks were selling for next to nothing in Gibraltar market, to ordering half a dozen for breakfast, keeping ourselves strictly to the trails. If we were a Highland Heliogabalus, we should have a dozen or so of grouse for dinner and stick to the backs. The bodies need never be wasted, when there are so many of the necessitous poor. But that is a fond counsel of the fancy, and the whole of the bird is admirable, barring the drumsticks, for the grouse takes a deal of walking exercise. The cooking should always be characterised by severe simplicity, for the rare richness of the juicy flavour is not lightly to be tampered with. Pie is good, when lined with bacon from Morell in Inverness, and padded with mushrooms. Naturally when birds are abundant, some must be made into soup, which may be either clear—with delicate morsels of the meat floating in it—or the more satisfying purée, flavoured with celery, or a squeeze of lemon. And a salmi comes in well, by way of variety, though the game essence is drowned in the red wine sauce.

You always know where you are with the red grouse, who in the Highlands, at least, diets himself on the heather. With the black grouse it is different, for living between the rushy hollows and the firwoods, they take the flavour of their food. But a plump grey hen is often delicious eating, and with her we consider that bread sauce is admirable. As for the old cock which you knock down in the winter shoots, nothing can be more exhilarating than the heavy thud when the bird goes crashing through the brushwood at the bottom of some ravine. But our interest in him would end when we have picked him up, were it not that he may hang indefinitely in the larder, and can always be kept in reserve for the stock-pot or cock-a-leekie. As for the white grouse—the ptarmigan—who are always either on the wing or on the run, and pick up a scanty existence on the lichens, being necessarily somewhat dry, they are chiefly good for soup or stews. Yet the native Scots are not altogether to be despised, and they are infinitely superior to the Russians or Scandinavians, which of late years have been imported to our markets by the hundredweight. Finally, and it is another grand recommendation of the grouse, he brings out the full bouquet of Bordeaux or Burgundy. There are experts who say it is a mistake, even a sacrilege, to drink anything better than second growths during dinner. From these authorities, where grouse is in question, we venture respectfully to differ. Give us the very best wine we can get—Romanée Conti or Chambertin, Château Lafite or Haut Brion. The savoury roast, wedding itself lovingly to the silky wine, is perpetually rousing the sensibilities of the palate, and the happy union is worth all the olives in the world.

THE GRENADIERS.

FROM HEINE.

TWO grenadiers for France were bound;
In Russia prisoners taken.
When once they reached the German ground,
They drooped their heads forsaken.

There both of them learned how the game had been
lost,
How France had been beaten and shaken,
How, battered and scattered her mighty host,—
And Napoleon, Napoleon taken!

Then sobbed together the grenadiers,
Such gruesome tidings learning.—
“Woe’s me,” cries out the first that hears,
“My old, old wound is burning.”—

The second cries “A fig for life—
Here ends a soldier’s tether;
Yet have I child at home and wife,
Or fain we’d die together.”—

“What boots me wife or child or home;
Higher longings my breast awaken.
If they want for bread, let them beg and roam!—
Napoleon, my Emperor taken!

“Ah! Brother, now, as die I must,
Do one last errand for me.
My body bear to France’s dust,
And let French earth close o’er me.

“Lay on my heart the ribbon red,
The cross that hath renowned me.
My musket give these fingers dead,
And gird my sword around me.

“Like a sentry I’ll wait in that silent grave,
And listen the green sod under,
Till the cannons roar and the chargers rave,
And I catch the trample and thunder.

“Never doubt it, my Emperor will ride o’er my grave
’Mid the clash and the flash and the quiver,
Then I’ll rise from my ambush with musket and
glaive,
And Napoleon, Napoleon deliver.”

W. SICHEL.

THE WIDER ASPECTS OF INSURANCE.—III.

THE Institute of Actuaries has done and is doing much in combining into a coherent whole the scattered experience of individual companies. It brings together the best thought of the actuarial progression and makes possible united action on many points. Other associations connected with insurance act in a similar way in different directions. The Life Offices’ Association guides, and to a large extent renders uniform and coherent, the action of the associated companies on many points of practice, such for instance as the extra to be charged for insurance against war risks. The Tariff Association among fire offices produces united action in regard to fire risks and so practically makes possible

the continuance of fire insurance business on some lines. Marine insurance companies have a corresponding organisation, and provincial institutes exhibit the same feature. For many years past insurance institutes in provincial towns have done much to bring together the local insurance officials, and two or three years ago these local bodies associated themselves into a Federation of Insurance Institutes, holding examinations and doing much to improve the status of insurance officials by causing increased coherence among them and giving greater definiteness to their position.

Even more striking is the fact that insurance is only possible when combination—coherence—begins. By combination in insurance, individuals are able to average their losses. Death, fire, accident, may at any moment involve individuals in financial loss, but all events when observed on a large scale exhibit average results, and by combination with others any individual can substitute for a sudden great loss a number of smaller fragments of known amount. Combination—coherence—is seen in all departments of social life. Every great business, every newspaper is an example of it, but it is doubtful whether this coherence has ever been seen to greater advantage than it is in connexion with insurance.

The coherence that is the very foundation of insurance is also exhibited in all its details. Scarcely a month goes by without seeing some new policy introduced that is a combination of older schemes of insurance. A provision for a payment at death has long been combined with a payment on reaching a certain age provided death does not happen before the age is reached. Many policies provide for annual payments to beneficiaries after the death of the assured in place of a cash payment at his death, thus combining two or more lives in one policy as is done also in assurance on joint lines. A further example has come to hand while this article is being written. The Mutual of New York combines in one policy life assurance and an annuity. For a payment at any age of £10,526 it guarantees an income for life of £350 per annum and a cash payment at death of £10,000. This is an admirable investment which carries out suggestions we have ourselves made before now, but it has the additional convenience of requiring no medical examination and of giving the whole scheme in the most simple form. Like all other improvements it has been dictated solely by practical considerations of its utility and attractiveness, but at least to many minds this development like all others will be the more attractive when it is recognised that all unconsciously it is seen to conform to the great principles that characterise progress in general.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FUTURE OF THE IRISH LANDLORDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It is proof that the SATURDAY REVIEW desires to be impartial on the Irish Land Question that you admit into your columns the letters of "A Future Irish Landlord" and of "A Political Economist." May "A Present Irish Landlord" state some of his experiences, on the ground that an ounce of fact is worth a ton of theory, and also because his case is typical of hundreds of others. My father (a physician) invested his professional savings in the small property that I now hold. In a course of fifty years rents have never been raised and no tenant has ever been evicted. Rents were punctually paid and mutual goodwill existed. Then Mr. Gladstone in his wisdom passed the Land Acts—Acts which he stated "would never injure any Irish owner to the extent of one penny." (Comment on this statement is now needless.) Then came the first reduction of rents, which left me 25 per cent. a poorer man. The second reduction is now gaily proceeding—indeed with monotonous and automatic regularity—and, when completed, I shall certainly have lost one-half of the annual rental of my little property—but seventeen tenants in all. In the meantime, four tenants have sold their farms for capital sums ranging from

£150 to £500, all of which goes into the tenant's pocket. Now, sir, what are the "compensations" for all this loss? You stated them the other day. The "compensations" are three in number, viz.:—Abolition of Poor Rate, the Tithes Act, and the Land Purchase Acts. Let us see how I am "compensated" by these measures. By Abolition of Poor Rate I gain £12 a year, by the Tithes Act I shall probably gain £3 a year, and if I avail myself of the blessings of the Land Purchase Acts I shall have the pleasure of receiving one-third less annual income than I even now receive under the most unjust Land Laws that were ever enacted in any land. The above statement, Sir, is literally true, and I should think that even Macaulay's schoolboy would be able to strike the balance between my "compensations" and losses. "Audi alteram partem" is a sound motto, much needed, but I am afraid not much heeded. Dante's immortal line should be engraved over every Land Commissioner's Court—"Abandon hope all ye who enter here."

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A PRESENT IRISH LANDLORD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Estate Office, Market Hill, Co. Armagh,
5 August, 1900.

SIR,—Your correspondent "Political Economist" complains that I argue "because tenants continue to pay high prices for the possession of land, their rents should not be reduced." The question the Land Courts have to ascertain is, what is the intrinsic value of the land taking into consideration all the circumstances of the case holding and district, in other words what is the "market value," and from the amount so ascertained must be deducted the value of the tenant's improvements if he should have made any. "The scheme of the Legislature is, first they are to ascertain what would have been a fair rent on the basis of the improvements being the property of the landlord, then they are to ascertain the fair rent, and if there is a difference between the two sums, that difference must appear on the schedule. Sub-sec. 9 enacts, that no deductions shall be made except those that appear on the schedule" per Chief Baron Palles in *Cope v. Cunningham*. Judge Bewley stated to Mr. Morley's Committee "that sub-commissioners and the valuers of the parties estimate the gross rent prior to deduction for improvements as a rent to be paid by the sitting tenant as he has been called and not by a stranger is a matter as to which I do not entertain any doubt." Mr. W. F. Bailey was asked by a member of the same Committee "Has the fair rent no proportion to the market rent?" His reply was "We never work it out on that basis." . . . "I would say that fair rent of a holding, as a rule, would be roughly about two-thirds of the competition rent." . . . "In many cases the fair rent would, of course, be less than two-thirds." In a memorandum furnished by Judge Bewley to the Fry Commission in which the practice of the Land Commission is described, he states "If as laid down in the same case [*Tottenham v. Carneen*] the true value of a tenancy is 'what a thoroughly solvent and prudent tenant would give for the holding intending to make the rent' [i.e. a fair rent] out of it, and a fair profit besides on his capital expended, it appears clear that a fair rent should be such a rent as will not destroy or diminish the value of the tenancy. But if a fair rent is fixed on the basis of a commercial rent payable by a stranger less only by an allowance in respect of the tenant's improvements, the true value of the tenancy must necessarily be cut down. There is nothing in the Land Law Acts to warrant the idea that the fair rent is to be fixed on any such basis." The Court of Appeal has however decided that Judge Bewley's opinion is entirely erroneous, yet the Land Commission persist in adhering to a practice which is illegal. The result is that "tenants continue to pay high prices for the possession of land" because they get not only the improvements, but the land in perpetuity at a rent considerably under the letting value.

Your correspondent "Desdichado" complains that

the Land Commission have made reductions "on rents fixed in 1852, when prices were in many cases at least as low as now." I enclose a statement showing the prices current in 1852, on which Sir Richard Griffith's valuation was based, and the average prices according to the Land Commission returns from 1881 to 1895. It will be observed that with the exception of wheat the prices are higher than in 1852:—

	PRICES.			Average		
	1852			1881-1895		
Wheat, per cwt.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Oats do.	0 7 6	0 6 11
Flax, per stone	0 4 10	0 5 9
Pork, per cwt.	0 5 1½	0 6 3
Butter, per 112 lb.	1 12 0	2 4 0
Beef do.	3 5 4	4 16 1
Mutton do.	1 15 6	2 16 9
	2 1 0	3 4 11

I am, your obedient servant,

HENRY A. JOHNSTON.

FIGHTING AFTER SURRENDER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

S.Y. Catania, Oban, 8 August, 1900.

SIR,—I have read with much interest the Hon. Robert White's instructive letter in your issue of 4 August. The prolongation of hostilities in the Boer War can to a great extent be accounted for by "Fighting after Surrender." I will quote an instance where I tried to plead for one Bill Thompson, a member of the Irish-American Brigade, an erstwhile "rigger" in the Johannesburg mines, who was found as caretaker in (I believe) Mr. Samuel Marks' house at Hatherley and taken prisoner though unarmed. He had told me, before the British entered, that he wished to cease fighting and asked me what the British would do with him if he laid down his arms. I told him "nothing, though he deserved a worse fate." It was he who gave me, during a conversation between another friend of mine in captivity and Colonel Blake, the fullest details of the Boer plans and whereabouts which I tried to transmit to Lord Roberts by native runner. That was my reason for pleading for Bill Thompson with General Pole-Carew, whose prisoner he was. I was justly laughed at, but as an American citizen Thompson successfully pleaded before the Provost Marshal with whom he was confronted and obtained his pass to Johannesburg. With him, though not a confederate, travelled another Boer passenger in the same coal-truck train in which I left Pretoria. That "gentleman" had a pass to quite another place than Johannesburg and yet I discovered he was one who had slipped through our fingers and has probably by now rejoined the commando to which he informed someone that he was going. There was in fact no system for seeing these burghers home. I quite agree with Major White as to the difficulty of dealing with those who surrender a Martini and conceal a Mauser; still it was astounding to see almost as many fighting burghers in the streets of Pretoria after its occupation as there were British to garrison it. Having satisfactorily handed over their rifle and taken the oath of neutrality they should have been sent elsewhere than to their farms, pending a more satisfactory moment for their home-coming. What has been the result? Small detachments of our troops have been cut up owing no doubt to the information of spies, who had at some time been left behind to surrender "with a purpose." Throughout the war we have acquired towns, villages and districts and then evacuated them or left them insufficiently garrisoned to the detriment of the would-be-subdued burgher who has been compelled to continue the war or lose his life and property. Ladybrand, Wepener, Dewetsdorp and Thaba Nchu were all instances of unfulfilled bargains on our part with the wretched burghers. Turning to the latter paragraph of Mr. White's letter, I wish to emphasise the strong feeling of the loyalists against our lenient treatment of

rebels. We shall have another war or at any rate disquiet if this continues.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

ROSSLYN.

THE FRUITS OF EXAMINATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Chawton Lodge, Alton, Hants, 6 August, 1900.

SIR,—The writer of an article both diverting and instructive on "The Fruits of Examination" puts a *sic* to an examinee's spelling *skait* for *skate*. Had I a brief for that examinee's defence I should suggest that he might be a keen student of "Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club by Charles Dickens" in the twenty-ninth chapter of which (in the first edition) he would have observed that the word was eleven times spelt *skait*.

May I make an addition to the instances of mis-translation from Latin, which may be new to some readers? It is related of an undergraduate examinee that he was confronted with a line in Latin comedy, spoken by a slave who had been sent to market to his master. "Piscis (pedantic, as I venture to think, spelling for *pisces*) ex sententiā nactus sum." The ingenious rendering submitted to the examiners was "I was purposely born a fish."—I remain, &c.

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

CRUELTY TO DOGS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Ealing, 25 July.

SIR,—I have read Mr. Bailey's letter on the Impotiation of Dogs which you have recently published. Will you, therefore, kindly allow me to state my own case?

Last autumn my family and I visited Ireland, taking with us a little pet dog. The Muzzling Order was in operation in the district in which we resided during our visit, and our dog and all other dogs with which he came in contact were muzzled with the regulation muzzle. In April I obtained a permit to bring the dog back with me to my London residence, on condition of keeping him isolated on the same premises for six months, and having him muzzled with a wire muzzle, and accompanied by a responsible person, when taken off the premises for exercise. While in London these conditions were rigidly observed. It became, however, necessary for me to remove from London, and I applied to the Board of Agriculture for permission to take my dog to my present residence in Ealing. This was curtly refused, and I was informed by the Secretary of the Board that the dog must remain on the premises. I wrote again, pointing out that the house would be unoccupied after 5 June, and as it did not belong to me, I could not leave the dog there, and asked for further advice. The reply I received was that I should either have the dog returned to Ireland (where, of course, he has no home), or sent to a veterinary surgeon for the remainder of the period of detention. Again I appealed to the Secretary of the Board to allow me to keep the dog in my present residence under the same conditions that had been observed with reference to him in London, and pointing out that these premises were better adapted for fulfilling the requirements of the Board than the former had been, and that, if necessary, I would keep him isolated and muzzled for six months.

Not having received any reply, I removed the dog, chained and muzzled, on 5 June. On the 9th I received a letter from the Board reiterating their previous refusal. I then sent the dog to a veterinary surgeon. On Sunday, the 10th inst., I was visited by a police officer, who subjected me to a rigorous examination, and suggested fines and imprisonment. Not satisfied with this, the Board of Agriculture went further. They sent an inspector to forbid the surgeon, under a heavy penalty, to take the dog off the premises for his accustomed exercise, even when muzzled with the regulation wire muzzle approved by the Board, led by a responsible

person and attached to that person by a chain. I protested against the cruelty of denying the dog exercise, and inquired why it should be refused in Ealing when it had been permitted in London, but without effect. I was merely referred to the rules laid down by the Board of Agriculture.

I may mention that while in London the dog was visited at intervals of ten days by an officer of police, who frankly admitted that he knew nothing of dogs, and had no veterinary training. On such occasions he took a notebook from his pocket and carefully compared the description of the dog with the original, and when he had assured himself that the "black tip on tail" and the brown ears had not changed during the interval, his official responsibility was ended.

It is unnecessary to say anything of the distress caused both to the dog and to his owners by such red-tape tyranny, and for myself I find it difficult to persuade myself that I still live in a country which prides itself upon individual liberty.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

H. A. HINKSON.

TASTE IN HYMNS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Frieston, Stonebridge Park, N.W., 31 July, 1900.

SIR,—I read with surprise and regret your review of a volume of poems by Annie Matheson in your last issue. I never so fully realised how widely taste in reading may vary. The two items your reviewer selects for condemnation are those which afforded me special pleasure. One is the Preface. He says that the writer therein "prates" about one thing, "grows garrulous" over another, and makes some "claims" about a third. The terms can hardly be accurate. The whole Preface could be said aloud in four or five minutes. It is hardly possible to accomplish all this in so short a period. The objection he raises is, that the authoress [*sic*] in recording her gratitude has referred to herself. Since dedications passed out of fashion the Preface has become the place where an author may be personal. If your reviewer could always have applied his principle, he would have warned his readers from "Friends in Council" because of the first page; "Paradise Lost" would be condemned because Milton speaks of his own blindness; and Socrates, also charged with prating and garrulity, being tried by him, would not have been saved from the hemlock.

The other matter is a child's hymn, which your reviewer describes as "pointless." Editors of hymnals do not agree with him, for it has a place in most hymnals compiled since this child's tender prayer has become known. If the work of such a composition can be judged by the success it attains among those for whom it is intended, then this hymn must take high rank, for now there are few better known or liked among children. It needs strong justification for altering a hymn when it has become common property. Most readers feel this one has no need of altering, even if the composer think it to be "faulty and imperfect." It is not yet a literary offence for a writer to be modest. One writer in republishing his works says in the preface that parts are "overloaded with gaudy and ungraceful ornament, and have scarcely a paragraph which his mature judgment approved." I can even imagine your reviewer turning to his own criticism at some future time, and, after the example of his illustrious predecessor just quoted, regarding it as "faulty and imperfect."

Yours sincerely,

H. LE MARCHANT.

[Our correspondent shows a want of experience, strange in a public (and pulpit) speaker, in doubting if prating, garrulity, and unwarranted claims can be compressed into a period of five minutes. Equally simple is his supposition that because most hymnals include a particular hymn it must necessarily be a good one.—Ed. S. R.]

REVIEWS.

TENNYSON'S FIRST EDITOR.

"The Early Poems of Alfred Lord Tennyson." Edited with commentaries and notes together with the various readings, a transcript of the poems suppressed, and a bibliography. By John Churton Collins. London: Methuen. 1900. 6s.

AN amateur of poetry who chances to have been born during the last fifty years of Tennyson's life will be able to say of his first editor that "he shines upon a hundred fields and all of them I know." Surely of no other English poet's verses can memory ever have retained so many. It is probable that the late James Payn could have done for a great part of Tennyson what Macaulay was believed capable of doing for "Paradise Lost," and if by some imaginary malignity of chance the text of Tennyson were to disappear, it might in all likelihood be restored line for line by any newspaper of wide circulation which chose to make a public appeal to the common memory. Many a reader will pounce at once in virtue of this familiarity upon the misquotation from "The Gardener's Daughter" which we notice in the preface—

"As black as ashbuds in the front of March."

"As" before "ashbud" would have been to Tennyson of all poets an impossible collocation. Of course there are some even of these early and best-known poems which few probably can quote or repeat—among them the "Adeline" and "Madeline" series of effusions—to which, however, we happen to be grateful at this moment because they have put us in mind of Bon Gaultier's Cousin Caroline and her burnt cork. As far as unfamiliarity goes the same may be said of some of the suppressed primitiæ and of the prize poem, here appended, on Timbuctoo, full as it is of Miltonic reminiscence and by no means empty of Tennysonian promise.

It is naturally a salient point in this primary edition that it takes full note of Tennyson's many variants—such, for example, as the familiar and felicitous substitution of "pear" and "gable-wall" for "peach" and "garden-wall" by which he added a characteristic touch at once of homeliness and desertion to the Moated Grange. A good many of these variants were inserted by way of correcting slips in natural history. We have always thought that the phrase "sudden laughter of the jay," which was the original reading for "sudden scritchings," took us back to a time when the young poet had not yet discriminated between the notes of the jay and the woodpecker, since the scritch of the jay cannot by any stretch of similitude be likened to a laugh; but it may be noted on the other hand that the same volume, that of 1833, contained the lines—

"Her rapid laughter wild and shrill
As laughter of the woodpecker
From the bosom of a hill"—

which seem to make the point doubtful. Another correction was "The swallow stopt as he hunted the fly." Up to 1889 the reading was "bee," an insect which Mr. Churton Collins thinks that the swallow "for obvious reasons does not and could not hunt." Well, in the southern county in which this is written bees and swallows must be continually meeting above the heather, and, waiving the question of the feasibility of the thing, we are not persuaded that "bee" might not have been justified as a vague generic term. At all events, if swallows do not hunt bees, neither do they, barring the so-called "crane-fly," hunt what we commonly call flies. Apropos of swallows the phrase in "Maud" "the swallow is speared by the shrike" suggests the reflection that a swallow albeit a conceivable is a very unlikely victim to find in a shrike's larder. Did Tennyson make another slip when he wrote in "Ænone"—

"The golden bee
Is lily-cradled: I alone awake"?

A siesta on the part of the bee is clearly intended; but it is precisely in the hot high noon that bees are busiest, and as Vergil had it, "fervet opus redolentque thymo fragrantia mella." It would seem to be rather during inclement days that bees creep into crannies or

drowse clinging in a torpid posture. The phrase "and the cicada sleeps" in the same passage had long been noted as inaccurate—"sole sub ardent resonant arbusta cicadis" was the noonday phrase of Corydon—but Tennyson let it stand till 1884 when he substituted "and the winds are dead," thus securing accuracy, says Mr. Churton Collins, "at the heavy price of a pointless pleonasm." But why pleonasm? Is it pleonastic in a poet to mention the winds merely because he has just said that "a noonday quiet held the hill"?

In point of fact "pleonasm" seems to have been written in haste for "platitude" or some such term, and this brings us to a passage in the preface which has occasioned us no little surprise. Mr. Churton Collins begins by pointing out, rather superfluously as we think, that most of the stock figures of speech are exemplified in Tennyson. Of what voluminous poet could not the same be said? But it is his selection of instances that is so astonishing. He actually quotes as an oxymoron—

"Behold them unbeheld, unheard
Hear all."

The stock instance of oxymoron in Tennyson is "faith unfaithful" &c., and even "antithesis" or "conceit" would be big words to use about the daily procedure of men who crawl up to stags, or trout, or Boers.

"The sea-wind sang
Shrill chill, with flakes of foam"

is given as an instance, not of onomatopoeia, but of paronomasia! We are no sticklers for pedantry in these matters and, as regards "hyperbaton" we take no shame that we had to look it out in Liddell and Scott. The instance given by Mr. Churton Collins is

"The dew-impearled winds of dawn"—

and this quotation also does not seem to square with the definition given of hyperbaton as "the inversion of words or clauses in a sentence." But, in any case, that Mr. Churton Collins, who is undoubtedly and even par excellence a scholar, should misuse, or suffer to be misused, such words as paronomasia and pleonasm seems to betoken a want of care somewhere, and—to get all our grumbling over in one paragraph—it would also seem that the proof-sheets have not been over-conscientiously corrected. Our eye ought not to be annoyed by errors such as Rossetti with one s, Confutizer for Confutzee, "superto" for "superbo," "navilus" for "navibus," and "moans" for "moons."

For the rest, and on the whole, Tennyson's admirers have every reason to be satisfied with his first editor, who is fortunately above that rhapsodical sentimentality—twaddle, to call it by its proper name—which might have made this commentary so disgusting in other hands. Mr. Churton Collins has been under the happy obligation of drawing largely upon his own excellent "Illustrations of Tennyson," a collection of parallel passages of which it appears that some have been found stupid and perverse enough to say that it was an attempt to arraign Tennyson as a plagiarist. In Mr. Churton Collins' words—"to apply the term plagiarism to Tennyson's use of his predecessors would be as absurd as to resolve some noble fabric into its stones and bricks, and, confounding the one with the other, to taunt the architect with appropriating an honour which belongs to the quarry and the potter." Is there any authority, by the way, for a potter making bricks? Perhaps "the quarry and the brick kiln" might be an improvement to the sense though not to the sound.

We cannot quite make out whether this is meant to be the first volume of a complete edition. If it is, we think that Messrs. Methuen would do well to follow it up with a good critical life of the poet. A son can seldom be his father's best biographer, and the two heavy tomes which Lord Tennyson gave us were felt at the time to be unsatisfactory both in their biographical and literary aspect. Mr. James Knowles' two papers in the "Nineteenth Century" gave, it was observed, in their brief compass, a more vivid presentment. Much material of this kind was either called forth by the Life or has since made its appearance in contemporary memoirs; and, whether or not Mr. Churton Collins finds himself in the mood or the position to write such a book, we should like to see it written.

CHINESE JOTTINGS.

"China and the Present Crisis." By Joseph Walton, M.P. London: Sampson Low. 1900. 6s.

HAVING spent eight months quite recently in travel through China, Japan and Korea, with the special object of ascertaining the facts of the political and commercial situation from the best-informed men on the spot, Mr. Walton has qualified himself, in one sense, to write an opportune and instructive book. But he is at a disadvantage in proposing to himself very much the same objects as Lord Charles Beresford, so that he has been to a considerable extent forestalled. Tacitly recognising the position, he has produced what may serve practically as an abridgment of the more important work. He saw many interesting men, was everywhere courteously and hospitably received, and jots down menus and conversation with a frankness peculiarly his own. It is more or less amusing to learn that Mr. Titoff, the engineer of the Russian Northern line, protested jokingly against Lord Charles Beresford's statement that Newchwang and its hinterland were full of Russian soldiers; avowing that he had taken immense trouble to collect 150 men from a wide area to receive him with fitting honours. But about Mr. Titoff's fancy for scents we care nothing, and very little for the details of his abundant hospitality. It is interesting to note that even at that date—it must be twelve months ago—a Chinese gentleman with whom Mr. Walton had some conversation "considered that China might be at any moment on the eve of a great crisis," describing the Empress Dowager as having "tucked the Emperor under her arm," and going on to say that, at her death, there would be three factions striving for the mastery: one under Yung Lu, a second under Kang Yi, and a third under Prince Ching—three men who have played a prominent part in the crisis which has actually arisen before the anticipated date. Prince Tuan had not yet come into notoriety by the reflected importance derived from the heirship of his son, and his self-identification with the Boxers and the anti-foreign campaign. Mr. Walton is in accord with everyone who has visited China—with everyone indeed we might say who knows China, as to the far-reaching consequences of (1) our withdrawal from Port Arthur, and (2) of our acquiescence in the coup d'état of 1898. He heard from foreigners and Chinese alike the same expressions which assailed Lord Charles Beresford, of surprised regret at the weakness shown by Her Majesty's Government throughout the crisis. Prince Ching "made most friendly references to England; said he had always regarded her as the friend of China, but had been greatly disappointed at the refusal of the necessary support to the Chinese Government to enable them to resist demands which involved violations of the Treaty of Tien-tsin." Mr. Hillier, the manager at Peking of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, "held very strong views as to the disastrous effect upon British interests in China of the want of a firm and definite policy." Liu Kung-yi, the Viceroy of Nanking, was "very friendly to England, but could not understand why the British Government should have allowed Russia to ride roughshod over China, and deeply regretted that our influence and prestige had been destroyed." Some day we may perhaps hear what Mr. Kinder thinks of the Anglo-Russian railway agreement, and what Sir Claude MacDonald thinks of the withdrawal, in face of Russian objection, of our demand that Talien-wan should be made a treaty port. Mr. Walton's opinion of the new "port of Ching-wan-tao where there is neither harbour nor population" may be commended, in the meantime, to those who include it among "concessions" obtained. Criticism may run riot, in fact, upon what the Government has done and has left undone in the North. But at Wei-hai-wei he enters on more contentious ground. His assertion that a railway could be made from Wei-hai-wei to Chefoo does not prove that one could be made from Wei-hai-wei inland; nor is it quite certain that merchants who have vested interests at Chefoo would be anxious to see a diversion of trade. Equally controversial, to say the least of it, is his proposal that Wei-hai-wei should be handed over to Germany; though he puts it forward without hesitation or doubt. For handing

back not only Wei-hai-wei but Kiaochow and Port Arthur to China, much might have been said; but that is another story, in which place might perhaps be found for comment on his eulogy of the "qualities of courage, energy and enterprise" which the Germans are displaying by contrast to our own "policy of drift."

On his way up the Yangtze, Mr. Walton had interviews with the great Viceroy upon whose attitude so much now depends, and with whose capacity he was favourably impressed. He pays a fitting tribute of admiration to the scenery of the gorges, and feels a natural pride in being the first to descend the rapids in a steamer. His description of shooting the Yeh-tan rapid in Mr. Archibald Little's small steam launch is one of the best bits of description in the book. The trip to Chung-king and back has since been accomplished by H.M. gunboats "Woodcock" and "Woodlark," whose incapacity for the work Mr. Walton severely criticises. They were admittedly not designed or very well suited for the experiment, but they were the best craft available, and they at least did the job.

At a moment more favourable for its reception, Mr. Walton reproduces the address which he delivered in the House of Commons on his return from his trip four months ago. Public anxiety was concentrated at that time on South Africa, and was indifferent to a topic which has now eclipsed even South Africa in the public mind. There is much in it that may be read with profit, though it fail to command unqualified assent. There is in fact running through this speech, as through the whole book, a denunciation of our own Government and a desire to exalt the policy of others by contrast, which tends to defeat its own end. Our Eastern policy has been defective enough, Heaven knows, and shows not much sign of definite purpose yet. But no man is wholly bad; and there is such a thing as proportion even in sin. He is on safer ground in condemning the placidity with which we accepted the coup d'état from which all subsequent troubles have sprung; and is able, in the next chapter, to remind us with effect that his statements in that sense and the policy indicated were ridiculed by the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. The chapter on "The Present Crisis," in which he recapitulates his criticism, is indeed the best in the book and constitutes an indictment which Mr. Brodrick will find it less easy now to put aside.

We have devoted so much space to those portions of Mr. Walton's book which relate to China that we must pass by his comments on Saigon and Singapore, and dismiss even his visit to Colombo with the remark that the "curious plant" seen on the lawns, "the leaves of which close up immediately you touch them," is the familiar sensitive plant of which he might have seen acres in the Singapore Botanical Gardens, also growing wild.

On some principle of topsy-turveydom imbibed, we presume, in the Far East, the book ends with a narrative of visits to Japan and Korea with which the tour really began. Partly that we have reached our limit of space, and partly that of books upon Japan there has been no end, we must pass over this section with a recommendation to our readers to examine for themselves. Mr. Walton interviewed several leading Japanese statesmen; and their comments on the relations of Russia and Japan, and on politics and prospects generally in the Far East, derive interest from subsequent events. Mr. Walton's industry in acquiring information was indeed phenomenal; and if there is evidence of superficiality, we may remember that a man does not master China or the Far Eastern problem in an eight months' tour. What he has done, as he says at the outset, is to give "a brief account of his journey and of some of the information he gathered." Criticism of literary style would be out of place in dealing with a compilation of facts and of observations by all sorts and conditions of men—a compilation which bears evident traces of original epistolary or elocutionary form. As to views, though there is a superabundance of political criticism which imparts to the whole book the flavour of an Opposition speech, we are not prepared to say that the criticism is prevalently wrong. There are an index and a useful map showing the various railway concessions and the nationality of the concessionaires.

THE BIRDS OF SURREY.

"The Birds of Surrey." By J. A. Bucknill. London: Porter. 1900. 21s. net.

WE have nothing but welcome for Mr. Bucknill's excellent volume on the birds of Surrey. Mr. Bucknill has done his work right well, and, as the result of years of personal observation and inquiry and correspondence, produced a book which is careful and scientific, and yet not pervaded, as books of this character often are, by crushing dullness. Mr. Bucknill does not attempt to write finely, still less to tickle an ignorant section of the public by caricatures of bird life, which, in another book just published and lying before us, are introduced by such titles as "Birds at a Parish Council," "Birds at a Soup Kitchen" and so forth. We have already had occasion to protest against the publication of books full of these puerilities, not to say inanities. Who reads such nonsense it is hard to imagine, and yet these books continue to appear from time to time to the annoyance of intelligent lovers of birds and bird life. Perhaps the best thing to do is to try to be unconscious of their existence. We welcome all good books on birds, no matter how numerous they may be, written by purely scientific naturalists; we welcome all good books on birds, no matter how numerous they be, written by observers, who, in the larger sense of the words, are poets and artists: we have no room on our shelves for books, no matter how few they be, written by the tiresome people who would make up by playfulness what they lack in scientific knowledge and literary instinct.

Mr. Bucknill's book treats largely of the birds within the Metropolitan area, as well as in what he calls "the country" part of Surrey, and many of his notes concerning the species found at Wimbledon Common, Putney Heath, Dulwich and Streatham will delight, and perhaps astonish too, many Londoners who take an interest in the ornithology of their city and its suburbs. One of the most delightful and, now that the public are confined to the footpath, most secluded spots immediately around London is Coombe Wood. You may see something of Coombe, though scarcely the best part, by walking along the private road (which is practically a public one) leading from Kingston Hill to Wimbledon and Merton, and a little more by exchanging this road for the footpath at the back of Coombe House, which leads to Wimbledon or back into Kingston Vale. It is filled with rabbits, which are careless of man either walking or cycling, and feed close to the road and path; whilst its inner glades are frequented by many birds. It was in this charming wood that Constable and Stothard used to roam in search of scenery for their canvases, taking their frugal lunch there, and quenching their thirst at a favourite spring. Much more recently Coombe was a favourite spot with entomologists, and if you glance through Morris' work on British butterflies you will see it referred to as a locality for Iris and various other choice or scarce insects. Iris has probably long since disappeared from this London wood—looked at on the Ordnance Map, it seems to be little else—but uncommon birds still find a blessed sanctuary there. The ciril-bunting, which some ardent south-country ornithologists have never even had the fortune to see or hear, is stated by Mr. Bucknill to have actually nested at Coombe so recently as 1898. The ciril-bunting is a near relation of the yellowhammer. Speaking of the latter as a Surrey bird, Mr. Bucknill remarks only too truly that near the Metropolis it gets scarce. During the present season we have seen and heard close to London a number of birds not commonly associated with the ways of man and the outskirts of great cities, amongst others the wood-wren near Bromley, the willow-wren on Putney Heath, the turtledove at Wimbledon, the skylark and common white-throat at Barnes and the titlark at Acton. But only once or twice have we heard the sizzling note of the yellowhammer, that most familiar sound of the real countryside hedges in the heat of summer when most other birds have lost their voices for awhile. As a songster the yellowhammer is not in a high class, and yet many dwellers in the country would be sad at missing its monotonous little refrain uttered from the top twigs of the roadside hedge. The yellowhammer nests, too,

much later than most British birds, frequently bringing off a second brood in late July or August, and resembling in this respect, we are inclined to say from personal observation, the corn-bunting: and it is pleasant to find its distinctive eggs, with their curious etched lines of black and brown, at a time when nests and eggs are but memories of a season gone by. What is the cause of the yellowhammer's rarity about London? It is not a shy bird, and should apparently find plenty of food and nesting sites, too, at the very doors of the city. If Coombe is now a closed Paradise to Londoners, Wimbledon Common with Putney Heath adjoining is open to all. Yet few have the faintest idea of its wild beauty, the ground being broken up and irregular, with birch-covered mounds and bosky dells where the plaintive note of the willow-wren may be heard any time in May or June, and sometimes, perhaps, in the later summer. Mr. Oliver Aplin was one of the first, if we recollect aright, to point out that these charming little "leaf warblers" set up singing and chiming against one another in July after the end of the breeding season. We fear we cannot hope that some of the uncommon and interesting species, which Mr. Bucknill through reliable observers has managed to identify as Wimbledon Common birds, are anything more than mere stragglers or accidental visitors: still it seems to be a fact that during the nineties there was actually found at Wimbledon a girl-bunting's nest with three eggs, which were taken, and actually sold at Stevens' Rooms in 1896. Then on the same common the marsh-tit, one of the brightest and boldest of an entertaining family, has been found nesting, and also it is said the long-tailed titmouse. We confess, however, that we find it somewhat difficult to accept Mr. Bucknill's statement—based on information supplied him by one of his regular correspondents—that "a few pairs nest in that place." Presumably by this is meant that they nest there each season. There may conceivably be nests built in the forks of some trees on the Common: we feel only too sure that nests built in bushes, such as this titmouse commonly affects, would have no chance whatever. It is astonishing to be assured that the wood-warbler nests at Wimbledon every year; still we have less difficulty in accepting this, having found the blackcap on Putney Heath close to the houses, the willow-wren during the present season quite common and at home. "The Birds of Surrey" also tells us that the chaffinch nests in the same place, and occasionally the garden-warbler. Much more remarkable is the statement that the Dartford warbler, that very retiring species, has been seen there of late in Spring, whilst the grasshopper-warbler, if it has altogether deserted Wimbledon, has been found at any rate in neighbouring Coombe so recently as June 1898. Some little time ago comment was made in the SATURDAY REVIEW on the fact that the latest schedule of Middlesex birds to be protected the whole year, whilst rather absurdly including such a species as the honey-buzzard, left out for some reason or other the grasshopper-warbler. We have never heard near London the fascinating "reel" of this creature, which for its minute size has, like the sedge-warbler, an astonishingly loud voice: but if it occurs at Coombe in Surrey, it may well do so in some places in Middlesex. However, to be candid, we have no hope whatever of the Dartford or the grasshopper-warbler coming and settling down as a Londoner, after the example of several other less common British birds within recent years. In the sound and modest Yarell's "British Birds," which we take up and read nowadays with all the delight of past years when the book was still the standard authority or text-book, there are a good many references to Streatham and Tooting as localities favoured by various species. Tooting must have been a delightful spot in those days—indeed it was very nice twenty years ago—and it is curious to read of the migration of the ring-ousels there in the thirties. Bird life at Tooting is, alas, on a somewhat restricted scale to-day, but not far off in the thickets of Streatham Common, there are still cover and attraction for a good many species. There you may look not in vain for the nightingale every spring—though Mr. Bucknill does not include Streatham among the suburban localities for that species—and there, too, the red-

start is still occasionally to be found. The redstart is, to our mind, one of the most attractive of the smaller birds. The adult male in full plumage is an exquisite little creature both in colour and form. He is as sprightly a bird as you could wish to see, and his song is melodious and engaging. It is a pity the redstart is not seen more often about London.

POLITICS AND HISTORY.

"An Introduction to English Politics." By J. M. Robertson. London: Grant Richards. 1900. 10s. 6d. net.

TO all students of history who demand of their subject something more than an accurate chronicle of events, Mr. Robertson's book should be welcome, if not for its positive achievement, at any rate for its method and its aim. The author is, or intends to be, at once scientific and practical. It is his purpose to suggest general laws of development in the past, and to do so with a view, indirectly, to guidance for the present. He complains, with justice, that "our students are, apparently, ceasing to be practical, and our practical men are apparently ceasing to be students," and concludes that "such lopsided development cannot but be harmful in practice." He has attempted, accordingly, in a series of suggestive essays, to sum up what he conceives to be the most important aspects of the history of the chief European communities; and to state, as the result of his studies, certain general laws supposed to be applicable to all sociological development. The book is loaded with learning and bristling with controversy; every page is a challenge to some widely accepted belief; and the bold and summary treatment of long periods, the schematic form which brevity has imposed on the author, lay him open on every side to attack. It is not, however, here proposed to offer criticism in detail, but rather briefly to touch upon the wider issue of the possibilities and limitations of the method employed.

Can there be a science of history? Can there be a philosophy of history? These are the questions provoked by Mr. Robertson's admirable venture. And we may permit ourselves, without undue scepticism, to answer them both in the negative. Scientific method may, of course, be applied to historical facts, and the more seriously and patiently it is applied the better. But the facts are too numerous, too intricate, and too imperfectly known and knowable, the recurrences too problematic, the sequences too inconstant, for it to be reasonable to hope ever to reach generalisations comparable in certainty or universality to those which have been achieved by the physical sciences. The "laws" of sociology, so called, are, and we fear must remain, superficial and premature inductions from inadequate data; they may be useful and they may be interesting (though commonly they are not); but they are not, in any valuable sense, scientific. Historical judgments lose in depth in proportion as they gain in extension; the element of particular and unique circumstance overrides that of general tendency; and in no really profitable sense is it true that "History repeats itself." It does not follow that nothing may be learnt from historical study. History suggests point of view, furnishes analogies, opens the eyes to possibilities; and a mind stored with the knowledge of the past will, if intelligence be not lacking, see more in the present than one not thus instructed. But the present must be judged by its own needs and conditions; from the past may be derived suggestions, but not rules. Historical study may and should be scientific, but it is hardly conceivable there should ever be a science of history.

But, further, is or should the purpose of history be mainly or merely scientific? Many, perhaps most historians of the present day would answer in the affirmative. Their aim, they would say, is simply to discover what has occurred; to ascertain the bare facts, if they cannot ascertain the general laws. The exclusiveness of this aim (which is taking the life out of all history, and reducing to a dreary, pettifogging collector's hobby, what should be, has been, and will be again the noblest of intellectual pursuits)—the

exclusiveness of this aim is, however, with our full sympathy, repudiated by Mr. Robertson. It is his object, by the study of the past, to prepare and enlighten the judgment for the problems of the present. He is concerned with what ought to be, not merely with what has been and is. He traverses history not merely as a student, but as a critic; with a purpose in view philosophic rather than scientific. His version of the facts is therefore (rightly and inevitably) coloured throughout by his personal predilections. These, in turn, no doubt, have been ripened and informed by commerce with fact; but they remain, and must remain, Mr. Robertson's opinions. Consciously or unconsciously he is determined by them in his stresses and emphases, in the relative proportion and weight he assigns to different factors of development, above all, in his judgment of the comparative worth of various aspects of civilisation. For the facts themselves do not bear on their face their own evaluation; that must be brought by the contemplating mind; and there is thus always the possibility of as many histories as there are minds, differing in value according to the depth and penetration of the intelligence that produces them. On the ultimate value of Mr. Robertson's work from this point of view it would be impertinent to pretend to pronounce. The opinions which he professes, by implication or otherwise, are those which, for the moment, are of all the most unpopular. He is an enemy of Imperialism, of war, and of superstition; and he finds in his historical studies ample reason for his faith. That a student of opposite temper, a Treitschke for example, might find and has found in the same field, arguments that make for opposite conclusions, is evidence only of the complexity of the material, and the diversity of judgments of worth. As Mr. Robertson frankly says, "All of us understand by Progress the moving of things in the way we want them to go;" and a wise man is most grateful for the views most opposed to his own, especially if supported and confirmed, as in the present case, by long and patient labour in the great quarry of history.

Does Mr. Robertson suppose that the world is moving towards his ideal—the small state, democratic in politics, yet aristocratic in intellect and character, exempt from superstition and courageous in the application of science to the problems of society? Never, perhaps, has the course of things appeared less congenial to such aspirations; and so our author himself appears to feel. Yet in a fine rhetorical passage, he closes on a note, hardly indeed of hope, but of what perhaps is better, the unflagging courage of conviction. "While we continue at all," he says, "to take interest in knowledge, we must needs strive to act upon that even as we do upon passion; and be the hope for betterment vain or not, it is a hope 'that nature makes,' like another. The alternatives are cynicism and conformity, both more burdensome, and both poorer states of mind."

SANSKRIT LITERATURE.

"A History of Sanskrit Literature." By A. A. Macdonell, Boden Professor at Oxford. London: Heinemann. 1900. 6s.

NO one probably will deny that of all ancient literatures, next to the Greek, the Sanskrit has the largest claim to our interest. It shows us the earliest stages of Aryan belief and thought, and it shows us, in a continuous unbroken stream of writing, undisturbed by foreign influences, how that belief and thought developed through a period of nearly three thousand years. Yet the English reader who wished to understand what this ancient literature was, had no complete or adequate guide to turn to until the publication of the present work. There was indeed Professor Max Müller's "History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature," but this was written some forty years ago, and Sanskrit studies have not stood still since then, when the price-less dictionary of Böhtlingk and Roth was not begun. Besides it dealt only with the Vedic period, which is as though one wrote a history of Greek litera-

ture and ended with Homer and Hesiod. Then there were Weber's "Lectures" in their English dress, but these are almost equally antiquated, though neither the one nor the other can ever become wholly obsolete. Sir Monier Williams' "Indian Wisdom" was a popular selection, not a history. So it chanced that this delightful subject has been left for the happy Boden Professor of Sanskrit at Oxford to expound for the first time as a whole to an appreciative public. No instructor more competent than Mr. Macdonell could be desired. As deputy-professor, he has long been a leader of Sanskrit teaching at Oxford. He is also a man of abundant energy, and fully in touch with every advance of German research. The result of his labours may therefore be taken to represent the present views of the most qualified authorities on the subject. The elaborate bibliography appended to the volume shows the wide range of his reading; and the manner in which he treats debated points, not ignoring the older opinions, but giving his reasons for demurring, is proof of his scholarly fairness of mind.

The book is not only trustworthy, but interesting. No doubt it is in parts too learned, too full of long Sanskrit titles, too like a bookseller's catalogue raisonné, to appeal to the casual reader of the club; but this very aspect is the necessary result of its supreme merit—that it is a complete history, not a book of elegant extracts. Besides, these arid patches form but a small proportion of the whole work. There are many chapters which the idlest reader may enjoy—chapters on the old life and myths of the Vedic time, which we have all learned to love in Max Müller's inspiring pages; chapters on the great Indian epics, on the exquisite lyrics of Kalidasa which Goethe so admired, on the dramas which gradually grew out of the miming of the nautch dancers, all of which needs no Orientalist to appreciate. Moreover, Mr. Macdonell approaches his subject with enthusiasm; he describes the real beauties of Sanskrit poetry, the Indian love of Nature and of woman, with a warmth which excites a corresponding sympathy; and whether he is describing a scene in a tropical forest, where Krishna and his milkmaids (why call them "cowherdesses"?) are at sport, or is attempting the adventurous feat of reproducing Sanskrit stanzas in the metre of the original, he shows considerable literary skill and poetic feeling. We realise all through that we are following a guide who knows every inch of his way and who loves the scenery through which he is leading us.

We need say nothing about the first half of the book, treating of the Vedas and their successors in the religious writings of the Brahman priesthood: this is the best known portion of the work, often dwelt on before, though the author has found fresh aspects and discussed or refuted traditional views. To our mind the most valuable, because the least familiar, part of the history is the second half, where the epic and lyric poetry, the drama, fables and fairy-tales of ancient and mediæval India are described with a fulness and continuity never before attempted in English. To many people it will come as a revelation that Sanskrit, instead of being, as they thought, a dead language before the Christian era, was so much living that actors spoke it in plays as late as the time of King Alfred. They spoke the Prakrit (or vernacular) too, according to their parts: heroes, priests, kings spoke Sanskrit, whilst women, children, servants, rogues, charcoal-burners and herds spoke the various kinds of vernacular appropriate to their special stage of degradation. But the audience manifestly understood the whole play, and it follows that down to the eighth century, when the masterpieces of Sanskrit drama were practically complete, Sanskrit and Prakrit, the language of the court and the learned, and the lingo of the people, went on side by side, each intelligible to the other. Very few people, we suspect, at all realise the wealth and extent of this wonderful Indian literature. Think of an epic running to more than 200,000 lines, eight times as long as the Iliad and Odyssey put together, wherein a battle of eighteen days takes 20,000 stanzas to describe, and a hero is interrupted in the act of advancing to fight, by having to listen to eighteen cantos of a philosophical discourse! But all

Indian poetry is not so long-winded or disproportioned or interpolated as the Mahabharata. There are those exquisite lyrics of Kalidasa, the "Cloud Messenger" and the "Cycle of the Seasons," written in the fifth century A.D.; there is the "Century of Love" of Bhartrihari, poet, scholar, and philosopher, in the seventh century, and many more. "In all this lyric poetry the bright eyes and beauty of Indian girls find a setting in scenes brilliant with blossoming trees; fragrant with flowers, gay with the plumage and vocal with the song of birds, diversified with lotus ponds steeped in tropical sunshine, and with large-eyed gazelles reclining in the shade. Some of its gems are well worthy of having inspired the genius of Heine to produce such lyrics as 'Die Lotusblume' and 'Auf Flügeln des Gesanges.'" The Professor can be eloquent, we see, as well as learned, and he has a subject which calls forth all his powers. He has produced an admirable and most suggestive book.

THE COMING ECONOMIC TERROR.

"Monopolies and Trusts." By Richard T. Ely. London: Macmillan. 1900. 5s. net.

THERE is a certain sense of satisfaction in contemplating the misfortunes of a friendly rival. The Englishman may perhaps be excused for regarding with philosophic calm the spectacle of the American wrestling with the problem of monopoly. The name, indeed, remains to worry the economist who is concerned for accurate definition; the abuse, in its worst form, may seem for us to belong to the history of the past. It no longer influences elections or draws forth diatribes from the Bench. It is true that we still have the natural monopoly, the control of local transport or the supply to small areas of the necessities of civilised existence. But this is not usually regarded as a dangerous abuse. We are confident in our powers of control and regulation, and for good or ill have adopted the principle of municipal working. But the application of similar methods to the monopoly of the future would need an unbounded faith in the socialistic ideal. The type is far different. It arises from the system of competition, and belongs to a world which defies the regulation of Statute Law.

The tendency towards concentration of capital in modern industry must be accepted as a fact; but it is fitting that we should be reminded from America, where the tendency is most evident, that mere mass of capital does not in itself constitute monopoly. It may even be a sign of the severest competition. In view of this it is well to keep in mind the definition of monopoly as "that substantial unity of action which gives exclusive control, more particularly with respect to price." This expresses sufficiently the ideas involved in the ordinary use of the term.

The real difficulty is to decide at what point aggregation of capital gives substantial control of the market, and what are the conditions which render such control permanent. In ordinary circumstances control is temporary; capital is soon opposed by capital when a good profit is promised. The history of the most successful trusts in America seems to point to the possession of the sources of supply of some limited commodity or control of the sole means of transport as the necessary condition of permanency.

As far as England is concerned, the first factor may be safely neglected. Foreign competition is a bar only too effectual to excessive profits. The question would become pressing only in the event of the formation of a world-wide combination to control supplies of raw material, such as is promised us from the land of great undertakings. But in the matter of transport our railways are not without accusers. We can take comfort from the fact that the power of the railway is less as the area which it serves is smaller, and alternative means of transport more readily available. We have, too, in reserve as a last resort, an unlimited power of control unhampered by the red tape of a paper constitution. So we may perhaps study the problem of trusts with a certain amount of equanimity and scientific impartiality.

BURMESE LIFE.

"Burma." By Max and Bertha Ferrars. London: Sampson Low. 1900. 30s. net.

THE Burmese would have been a more appropriate title for this sumptuous volume. Of Burma, no doubt it tells a great deal. Its history, its geography, its language, its religion, its politics, its arts crafts and manufactures—all these points and many another are touched in such brief detail as the space permits. Such matter however can be found more fully elsewhere. The work in this aspect comes into competition with the official gazetteers and standard histories. It would be dry reading were it not wound up with the minute description of the Burmese people and their daily life and surroundings which forms the main purpose of the book. The reader can follow the life of the Burman from the cradle to the grave and obtain an attractive picture of an extremely interesting society, now in a period of transition. It is well that the picture has been drawn before the conditions which create the interest and attractiveness have yielded to the irresistible march of events. The geographical isolation of Burma saved her for centuries from the intrusion of alien races and left her to develop a distinct national character in purity and independence. The only external influence which left a deep mark on the Burmese civilisation was the Buddhist religion. It found a congenial soil among the gentle and joyous people of this golden Chersonese. The old and happy order of things is changing under the freer intercourse with the outer world which has naturally followed British rule. Competition with races of more strenuous industry and lower standards, together with an increase of immigrant population, are affecting the very springs of Burmese life. Indian and Chinese cheap labour is underselling the easy-going Burman; it is even supplanting Europeans in those branches of commerce which are of foreign origin. Before long Burmese life will have lost much of its picturesque attractiveness. How great that loss will be the present volume amply demonstrates. The average prosperity of the Burmese judged by the Eastern standard runs very high. The smallest current coin is thrice the value of the lowest coin which circulates in India. Silk is largely worn though the culture of silkworms is banned by the Buddhist religion and the stuff is nearly all imported. Consistency in such matters however is impossible. Fishing comes under the same canonical objection but fish is a chief article of diet. Hunting however is not a popular amusement and is left to the village agnostic. Enjoying much leisure, the laughter-loving Burmans are devoted to games and sports. The stage play is not as in India the relaxation of the Raja or Nawab but the favourite delight of the whole community. The position of women in Burma is exceptionally favourable and their influence has coloured the history as well as the life of the country.

There is much that is lovable and admirable in the Burmese and not the least are their devotion to their children and the respect shown to the aged. This is how Mr. Ferrars describes the evening of a Burman's life:—

"When parents are past their prime their children pray them to 'nobo-sat' which means that they should be at the children's charge for the remainder of their lives, as the children had first been at their parents'. The turning point is not marked by any formality but a child approaching parents on a solemn occasion adopts the gesture of veneration. The aged are not idle: they preserve a great elasticity of mind and interest in things; they study their religious book and occupy themselves with their grandchildren. When they are too old to go on pilgrimages with the others they keep the house and tell their beads alone. The old people wear plainer clothes than the young and, according to old Burmese fashion, less of it. The human dignity of the aged is of a kind that apparel cannot add to. Steeped in the spirit of Buddhism, the aged never yield to anger. Wanting neither for necessities nor honour, the pathos of their serene old age is purely that of years. A peaceful end is their lot."

The attractiveness of the book is enhanced by the profuse and beautiful illustrations which portray in

nearly 500 photographic reproductions every phase of Burmese life and scenery. Perhaps in all the series the most charming are those which display the various aspects of child life among a people whose whole life is picturesque and innocent.

CURRENT FICTION.

"Little Anna Mark." By S. R. Crockett. London: Smith, Elder. 1900. 6s.

"Little Anna Mark" is a sensible reminder from Mr. Crockett that he can still do good work. It is as great an advance on "Joan of the Sword Hand" as the latter was on "Ione March." The infinite capacity for taking pains has not been conspicuous in Mr. Crockett of late years. To turn out the record quantity of copy is of course an ambition of sorts, but it is also calculated to play havoc with the quality of the work produced. A certain idyllic freshness in the narration of even weird and fantastic events was the pre-eminent charm of Mr. Crockett's earlier stories. The gift of phantasy has always remained to him, but as the output of a tired brain, it has grown lurid and unconvincing. Happily much of the first singular charm has returned in "Little Anna Mark," and for this reason the critic may marshal the faults more lightly under review. A fine sense of proportion has never been the author's strong point, and even in this latest production the interest centres more in single isolated episodes than in the continuous narrative. In the most inconsequent fashion "Little Anna Mark" and her attendant Squire go through quite a riot of adventures, starting in Scotland and continuing in mid-Ocean, in the Carolinas, in the lands of the Inquisition, or in purely imaginary volcanic isles. Many of these incidents are related with great power. Indeed the whole episode of the concealed murderer in the packing-case is in its way quite a little epic of thrilling narration and puts to rest any doubts as to Mr. Crockett's real strength when he chooses to exert it. The playful silliness of most of Mr. Crockett's heroines is entirely absent from Anna Mark who is a sufficiently fascinating little lass. If the author intended the hero to serve as her foil he has certainly succeeded, for surely never before has so colourless a being played so many parts.

"Paul: a Herald of the Cross." By Florence Morse Kingsley. London: Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.

From such a Biblical student as Miss Kingsley, the announcement in the preface, that if by means of this work we are brought to contemplate S. Paul as "a Herald of the Cross," a "prisoner of the Lord Jesus" &c., "we shall read the Epistles with new eyes" comes as rather a surprise. From childhood upwards we have, with undue intelligence, understood the Epistles to express all that Miss Kingsley supposes that she newly interprets in them. Fearing lest she should touch pitch and so be defiled, the author has, with a few shuddering, reluctant exceptions, sketched in so artistically the pagan-life in the "great wicked cities" and painted so glowingly the marble temples and baths, the splendid luxury, the gorgeous raiment and the jewels, that we confess to being enormously attracted by them. Simple minds, of a certain class, will be edified by this work, but we fancy that most people would prefer to read the life of S. Paul as set forth in the New Testament—where they have read it before.

"With Sword and Crucifix." By E. S. van Zile. London and New York: Harper. 1900. 6s.

There is always a halo of romance hovering over the early years of the discovery, development, and contests of the two large American continents. Golden sunlight, brilliant-hued foliage, mysterious forests, and above all, their mighty rivers, all strongly appeal to the weavers of tales of marvel. But the hair-breadth escapes and adventures of the soldiers of fortune between two and three hundred years ago have in these days little attraction for the ordinary novel-reader. The love story running through the pages of "With Sword and Crucifix," is without interest, forced and unreal. Sancerre, the young French soldier, who formed one of the exploring party on the Lower Mississippi under the guidance of the Sieur de la Salle

in 1682, is an attractive figure, but does not excite much sympathy; on the whole, it is a wearisome book.

"Lotus or Laurel." By Helen Wallace. London: Arnold. 1900. 6s.

The moral of this pleasant, rather inconclusive little book appears to be that if you are a budding violinist of the marvellous genius common in fiction, it is better for you not to have a full-blown celebrity in the same line for a mother. The author has got slightly confused in drawing Madame Waldstein. One moment it is a particular man that she grudges to her daughter: the next, she all but forces her into his arms that she may become a county dame and not a rival violinist. Not until both the hands of this energetic parent have been destroyed in a railway accident does she hold them, hibernically speaking, from hustling her daughter. The book hints vaguely at marriage in its last line; but we have no very clear idea as to whether or no the laurel was finally forsaken for the lotus or rather for the domestic cabbage boiled in a "county" household.

"The Chains of Circumstance." By T. W. Speight. London: Digby, Long. 1900. 6s.

Of melodramatic incidents, blackmailing, and other villainies there is enough and to spare in "The Chains of Circumstance." Our breath is almost taken away by the rapidity, we might say the superfluity, with which Heneage, the well-to-do and respected merchant with a past (that inevitable character in this class of fiction), forges links in the chain of circumstance which promises to fetter his career. But, despite the energy with which he so shapes his conduct as to play into the hands of his blackmailers, all ends happily. For the originality of the story we can say little, and though the plot is not wholly devoid of ingenuity, the reader is never left in doubt as to the real part played by the obsequious but scheming head-clerk, Matthew Bax.

"The Girl with Feet of Clay." By Edgar Turner. London: John Long. 1900. 6s.

This is rather a hotch-potch of a book. Most of it consists of parodies—a fairly smart one of Mr. Le Gallienne, a humorous one of Mr. W. W. Jacobs with only the feeblest laugh about it, an Anthony Hope which is "good in parts," like the curate's egg, and so on. What is not parody is something rather worse, being the conversations and narratives of an imaginary Blanco Watson. Like the rest of the book, this gentleman is sometimes entertaining, never brilliant, and pretty often tedious. The articles probably served their purpose excellently when they appeared in popular papers and magazines and hardly can have cried aloud to be reprinted.

"The Devil and the Inventor." By Austin Fryers. London: Pearson. 1900. 3s. 6d.

None of the great stories of the world are copyright, and there is nothing but a sense of shame to prevent anybody from exploiting them. We prefer the old legends, but no doubt there are people who like them brought up to date. Mr. Fryers takes his devil seriously, but has not made him either dignified or convincing. The inventor is, like many a genius, a bad man of business, and the unholy compact (quite of the usual type) should have ended in his discomfiture. But luck is against the prince of darkness. The story is quite harmless, but such a story must be either a masterpiece or an absurdity. Mr. Fryers' story is not a masterpiece.

"The Voice of the People." By Ellen Glasgow. London: Heinemann. 1900. 6s.

The chief character in this book is Nick Burr, a son of the people, who becomes Governor of Virginia. He is an admirable person; strong, physically and mentally, full of a deep patience and an untiring ambition. While his principles are loftier than those of the people surrounding him, he is never a prig. The description of the little town of Kingsborough, the Governor's birthplace, is charming, and though the chapters on political elections in Richmond are a little diffuse for anyone who neither has lived nor is going to live in Virginia, the novel is well worth reading.

"The Compleat Bachelor." By Oliver Onions. London: Murray. 1900. 2s. 6d. net.

For the mind jaded by affairs or trying meteorological conditions, and unequal to the task of interesting itself in anything unessential, "The Compleat Bachelor" is excellent. Mr. Oliver Onions has at times a pretty wit and the humour with which he regards the relations of men and women, married or to be married, is contagious. Conventional methods appeal only to his sense of the absurd. Cupid for him masquerades in cap and bells. The story is slight, entertaining and to be read without more effort than is demanded by the turning of the leaves.

"The Prison House." By Jane Jones. London: Blackwood. 1900. 6s.

To all appearance a first attempt in serious fiction, "The Prison House" has depth and intensity of thought, isolated passages that narrowly miss marked original strength, and a style which though brisk is full of awkward little tricks and affectations. With the exception of the passionate governess Eve Hepburn, the characters form a burlesque of flesh and blood, indicating immaturity of observation. The satirical references to the clergy are peculiarly crude. But on the whole the book conveys an acute idea of the bondage of environment.

"Mrs. Jeremie-Didelere." By H. J. Jennings. London: Harrison. 1900.

At a moment when so many of the "drawing-room apartments" of the shabbier London squares are being deserted for the uncertain joys of make-believe in seaside boarding-houses, this record of a scheming widow's successful efforts to raise money and secure a second husband may possess some piquancy for those who watch rather than play "the game." It is in truth a great game and a popular—the hub of all humbug. Mr. Jennings' exposition of it gains in smartness what it lacks in humour.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Symbolism of the East and West." By Mrs. Murray-Aynsley. With Introduction by Sir George Birdwood. London: George Redway. 1900. 21s. net.

Mrs. Murray-Aynsley was a great traveller, a diligent collector, and an enthusiastic observer of the customs and beliefs of mankind. She read, moreover, as well as observed, and she had the honour of being made an Associate of the Order of Freemasons. The results of her observations and studies were embodied in a series of papers in the "Indian Antiquary." These have now been republished in an enlarged and corrected form, printed in sumptuous type, and provided with excellent illustrations which add much to the value of the work. A large range of subjects is covered in it—Sun Worship and the Swastika, the "pre-Christian cross," and sacred stories, the ideas of primitive man about a future life, snake worship and the evil eye, even "The Wild Huntsman" of Northern Europe, and the traces of Oriental influence in Spain. Mrs. Murray-Aynsley was keen to detect coincidences of habit and custom, and like most other folklorists was sometimes inclined to extract too much out of them. Such coincidences, however, by no means necessarily imply community of origin. On the contrary some of them are due to borrowing, the larger number to the fact that similar conditions of life and thought will produce similar results. Still, on the whole, Mrs. Murray-Aynsley is sober and restrained in her conclusions, presenting the facts without pressing them too far. It is very rarely that we find her misinformed. The swastika, however, found on grave-clothes from Egypt is not Egyptian; the embroideries in which it occurs are of the Roman period, and it was, as is well known, by no means an uncommon ornament of the Rome of the Empire. But it was unknown to the ancient Egyptians as it was also to the Babylonians. This fact alone disposes of any attempt to connect the swastika of India with the swastika of the pre-historic Ægean; the Indian swastika seems to have been a solar symbol, while the swastika which appears as a mark on the pottery of Troy or of Cyprus has been traced to a conventional representation of a bird in flight. It is equally impossible to identify the Egyptian "Tau" or symbol of life with the symbol of the Cross, whether Christian or pre-Christian. It is true that the earlier converts to Christianity in Egypt sometimes substituted the "tau" for the cross; but this was on account of the likeness in shape between the two symbols and of the associations connected with the Egyptian character. The symbol of life had nothing to do with the Nile or with supreme power, as Mrs. Murray-

Aynsley supposes, and it was originally a picture of the girdle worn round the loins by the primitive population of the Nile in lieu of any other dress. Slips, however, are rare in the book, which is filled with a mass of interesting information a good deal of which will be new to most of its readers. Who among them, for instance, is aware that stone-worship had to be forbidden by law in our own country as late as the reign of Canute?

"Principles and Practice of Conveyancing." By John Indermaur, Solicitor. London: Geo. Barber, Furnival Press. 1900. 20s.

Mr. Indermaur, although a solicitor, has had a great success in a certain line of legal authorship. For a member of the "lower branch" to perpetrate a text-book is like unto a strict Baptist venturing on an edition of S. Thomas Aquinas. However, only a select few now face the Bar or solicitors' final examination without perusing the readable and easily understood pages of Indermaur's principles of the Common Law. Their author thus stimulated has laid his homely hand upon themes, consecrated by the august names of Butler, Fearn, Sugden and Dart, and evolves a worthy manual. Law writing of this sort has a good deal in common with sermons for children. Simplicity is the aim, the result unedifying prattle. It is quite certain that most legal ideas can be much more easily mastered by the study of scientific expositions. Nevertheless Mr. Indermaur has a gift, and his books have their place. The present volume contains one really excellent chapter on succession; a subject curiously ill dealt with in most books. The verses quoted from Longfellow which precede the preface produce an effect singularly absurd.

"Le Pouvoir Exécutif aux États-Unis." Par Adolphe de Chambrun. Paris: Fontemoing. 1899. 10f.

This is a second edition of M. Chambrun's excellent treatise on a subject of profound interest to all students of political philosophy. The United States Constitution is still in the nature of an experiment because, though it has already surmounted serious civil disorders, it has never yet had to deal until now with the administration of foreign possessions. This burden it has now undertaken and the world is anxiously inquiring how it will acquit itself. Onlookers have hardly yet grasped the situation or rightly appreciated the immense change which may ensue. The author foresaw these possibilities, though at the time he wrote a policy of external aggression seemed little likely to find favour in America. He predicts an immense increase, under such conditions, of the Executive Power and a complete revolution in the Constitution of the United States, a development in fact in the direction of Hamilton's ideal and away from that of Jefferson. This issue will be to some extent that of the next presidential election and will add to it the interest, which is usually lacking, that of a conflict of principles.

"University College Histories: Clare College, Cambridge." By J. R. Wardall. London: Robinson. 1899. 5s. net.

Clare College has the distinction of possessing the most consistently beautiful buildings in Cambridge and it will be no doubt a surprise to many, even of its alumni, to learn that a good many years elapsed between the erection of the eastern and southern sides of the quadrangle and the rest of the college. Clare is also the oldest college in Cambridge excepting Peterhouse and at the time of the Reformation counted Latimer among its members. He was by no means always a reformer for he seems to have distinguished himself when proceeding to his B.D. degree by a violent attack on Melancthon's doctrines. About the same period Trinity Hall and Clare narrowly escaped amalgamation and it is to the credit of the much-abused Stephen Gardiner, then Master of Trinity Hall, and the Clare authorities that they united the Duke of Somerset's commissioners. These two colleges both now extensive and flourishing have thus preserved their individuality. The author has done his work well and the illustrations are satisfying.

"Christ's College, Cambridge." By John Peile, Litt.D. London: Robinson. 1900.

This is a history of an interesting institution admirably executed, as we should have anticipated from the industry, devotion and ability which the learned Master has always dedicated to the service of the foundation over which he presides. From the days of the Lady Margaret to the present Christ's College has never lacked association with interesting names. Milton, Cudworth, Paley, Calverley, Seeley evoke very diverse memories, but they are particular stars in a firmament containing many lesser lights. Dr. Peile has shown an admirable sense of proportion in the distribution of his material, not allowing any one name, however illustrious, to occupy undue prominence or interfere with the general course of his narrative. The book is one on which both the College and the author may be congratulated. It is a model of its kind.

"Heresies." By H. Croft Hillier. Grant Richards. 1900. 5s.

This is a strange, and in some ways a remarkable, book. It should surely have come over to us from the German, for there is in it the touch of Teufelsdröckh. The possibility of progress lies somewhat in the consciousness of fallibility; science has no

sacred priesthood and criticism can but destroy what is false, what is unscientific. Hence Mr. Hiller's onslaught upon our notions of "time," "space" and "energy" will only overturn what is erroneous, or break to pieces on the rocks of fact. His theories cover so wide a field—"Agnostic Theism," "Ethics," "Sociology," and "Metaphysics," to which must be added "Astronomy," "Chemistry," and "Science" in general—that they can only be properly dealt with, at length, by specialists in these different subjects. But we fear the "general reader" will have neither the patience, nor indeed the power, to read much of this work.

"Select Charters Illustrative of American History, 1606-1775." Edited with notes by W. Macdonald. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1899. 8s. 6d. net.

The American school of historians is doing useful work in research into the early history of their own country. Such efforts can only do good as tending to remove a great deal of prejudice and substituting a sounder view of the political conditions prevailing before the War of Independence. Stubbs of course has supplied the model on which Mr. Macdonald has shaped his efforts. This volume completes his labours in this field for in his previous publication he gave us the principal documents relating to American history from 1776 to 1861. The editor's judgment seems to have been rarely at fault in his selection, and his notes are brief and to the point.

"The Boroughs of the Metropolis: a Handbook to Local Administration in London under the Local Government Act, 1899." By A. Bassett Hopkins, Barrister-at-Law. London: Bemrose and Sons. 1900. 7s. 6d.

Handbooks of the kind can be very easily produced, as witness the crop of treatises which appeared in consequence of the Local Government Act. Mr. Hopkins' edition of a very difficult statute owes probably not a little of its excellence to the author's former experience as Chairman of the Highways, Water, and County Rate Committees of the London County Council. The introductory chapters are very useful, and until many points have been judiciously decided, a better guide to London's new system of government could hardly have been put together.

"A Son of St. Francis." By Lady Amabel Kerr. London: Sands and Co. 1900. 3s. 6d.

In this short Life of S. Felix of Cantalice Lady Amabel Kerr has incorporated many striking anecdotes. The narrative is marked with much devotional feeling which is particularly noticeable in the account given of the various miracles attributed to the famous lay brother of the Capuchin order. In more ways than one, by reason of what may be read into it as well as in it, the book is interesting.

Mr. J. W. Cundall's compact little handbook to "London: a Guide for the Visitor, Sportsman and Naturalist" (Greening. 6d.) is now in its third, revised and enlarged edition.—"First Stage Botany" by Mr. A. J. Ewart (London: W. B. Clive. 2s.) has been prepared for the elementary stage of the Science and Art Department, and forms an admirable introduction to a study of the science.—"The Economics of Modern Cookery" (London: Macmillan. 1900. 3s. 6d.) by M. M. Mallock is the more pretentious title given to the third and cheaper edition of "A Younger Son's Cookery Book."

THEOLOGICAL BOOKS.

"The Gospel according to S. Luke in Greek." Edited by A. Wright. London: Macmillan. 1900. 7s. 6d.

The Doctors still disagree as to the origin of the Synoptic Gospels. Of late years there has been a tendency both in England and on the Continent to suppose that two written documents—a narrative, and a collection of discourses—form their basis and best explain their combined agreements and divergences. Mr. Wright makes a bold stand for oral tradition. Yet his common oral tradition is somewhat different from what Bishop Westcott would understand by the term. Mr. Wright thinks of a narrative carefully taught in the catechetical schools of the early Church, and learnt by heart by the pupils. S. Mark's Gospel represents this narrative pretty faithfully, though even that was of gradual growth, beginning with a single lesson, expanded by accretions in different parts, and carried to other Churches in its incomplete as well as its complete state; so that we have a proto-, deuter-, and trito-Mark in true German style. S. Luke's strange "omissions," compared with S. Mark, are due to his having received the oral Gospel in its incomplete stage, not in its second or third edition. But S. Luke's own Gospel was also of gradual growth. Sections of it were written down early, and were improved, corrected, and amplified from other sources during visits to Jerusalem and to other principal churches; then collections of parables and other sayings of Jesus would be incorporated by him, as by the other Evangelists, often with great freedom or indeed carelessness as to chronological order or historical setting; while certain breaks

and interruptions in the flow of the narrative may be explained by the probability that S. Luke from the first arranged his Gospel as a series of church lessons. This is a brief outline of Mr. Wright's rather complicated theory; it does not answer one objection brought against the oral tradition—the silence as to the Jerusalem ministry.—It has been urged that if the Synoptic Gospels represent the official catechetical teaching of the Apostolic Church at Jerusalem, their absence of reference to the Saviour's teaching there is a very great difficulty. It is hardly likely that the Church as a whole would have made such an omission, though it is possible enough that the memoirs of a single apostle, such as S. Peter, may have been almost entirely concerned with Galilee. The main portion of Mr. Wright's book however is not occupied with theories but with facts. He has given us not a commentary on S. Luke, but a harmony of the Synoptic Gospels, taking S. Luke as his standard (we wonder why he has printed him in the second and not in the first column?); and round this he has arranged parallel passages from other parts of the New Testament, variant readings, a full list of all the LXX. texts quoted or alluded to, and a great deal of other useful matter. In his preface he says the book is intended principally for use in the lecture-room; we agree with him, and think that the lecturer will benefit from it as much as his pupils.

"S. Peter in Rome and his Tomb on the Vatican Hill." By A. S. Barnes. London: Sonnenschein. 1900. 21s.

There must be few Protestant controversialists who still deny that S. Peter was ever in Rome; and though we may hesitate to grant with Father Barnes that the "other place" of Acts xii. 17 to which he went after escaping from the power of Herod was the Eternal City, the evidence for a fairly lengthy residence in it and for his martyrdom there is incontestable. But this book is archaeological rather than controversial, and has mainly to do with the fortunes of S. Peter's body and the successive churches built over the sacred relic. S. Peter was crucified (not head downwards apparently) in the circus of Nero; but though his soul found rest there his body did not; together with that of S. Paul it was laid first in a tomb on the Appian Way; this tomb has been quite lately discovered. Then after the death of Nero more worthy resting-places were found for the Apostles near the places of their respective martyrdoms. In 69 A.D. S. Peter was brought back to the tomb where he now lies; it is deep under the high altar of the greatest church in Christendom, and no eye has seen it for centuries; but from early descriptions we gather it must originally have been a tomb raised on a pedestal in a vault of moderate size, sunk below the ground and difficult of access, so that Pope Anacletus built a *memoria* or chapel above it whither pilgrims might resort and where the Eucharist might be celebrated. The Bishops of Rome up to the third century were laid to rest round S. Peter's body, so that when their graves were laid open in 1626 they seemed to those who saw them to surround him "like bishops assisting at a synod or council." But in 258 A.D. the Emperor Valerian forbade the Christians to use cemeteries as places of meeting, and there was fear that the tombs might be desecrated; so S. Peter and S. Paul were moved again and laid near to, though not in, their original tombs; there they rested for half a century, and in 306 were brought back to the sepulchres which have preserved them ever since.

Father Barnes has traced all the chapters in this story with care and learning; the evidence he has collected and discussed is astonishing in its wealth, and he gives us a great deal of information on other points of sacred archaeology that gather around his main subject. Many readers too will be attracted by the later chapters of his book with their minute description of the old Church of S. Peter, which was destroyed with such wanton haste to make room for the new building; though, to judge from the drawings preserved, or from Mr. Brewer's careful reproduction, which appears as a frontispiece to the volume, the historical associations of the old church must have been of greater value than its architectural features.

"The Book of Proverbs." By Crawford H. Toy. International Critical Commentary Series. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1899. 12s.

This is an excellent commentary on a very difficult book, a scientific piece of work, such as might be expected from a scholar of Professor Toy's eminence. Excellent as it is, however, it just fails to reach the highest point of excellence. Professor Toy's exegesis of Chapter VIII., the "Praise of Wisdom," is a good example of his treatment; it is accurate, full, and critical; but it lacks freshness and fine susceptibility, or we might put it, imaginative sympathy with Old Testament thought, the sort of qualities which go to make up a commentary of the highest order. At the same time, the work has substantial merits, as, for instance, the independent thinking out of the meaning of the different aphorisms. There are some valuable generalisations on the Wisdom Literature in the introduction. It seems, however, misleading to use the language of Greek philosophy and say that Proverbs "identifies virtue with knowledge" in contrast with the rest of the Old Testament. For "knowledge" i.e. "wisdom" in Proverbs has a moral and religious, rather than an intellectual significance; it carries out the

teaching of the prophets and the law under a form peculiar to this class of literature. The Book of Proverbs was compiled out of at least four different collections, which Professor Toy dates between 350 and 190 B.C., i.e. between Job and Ecclesiasticus. There is a good deal to be said, however, for a pre-exilic date for the central collection, x. 1-xxii. 16. Professor Toy does not discuss this possibility; the case is by no means so clear as he puts it. For instance the passages which refer to "the king" (as troublesome to critics in the Proverbs as he is in the Psalms) are perfectly applicable to a genuine Israelite king before the Captivity; according to Professor Toy they find their best commentary in the pictures of royal life given in Josephus and other historians, i.e. they refer to non-Jewish monarchs of the Greek period, or possibly to Maccabean princes. We find it difficult to believe this.

"The Apocalypse: an Introductory Study of the Revelation of S. John the Divine, being a presentment of the structure of the Book and of the fundamental principles of its Interpretation." By E. W. Benson, sometime Archbishop of Canterbury. London: Macmillan. 1900. 8s. 6d. net.

The late Primate was wont to relieve the tedium of official routine by pursuing in the intervals of leisure more congenial studies. S. Cyprian and the Apocalypse were the chosen companions of his private hours. They represent the two most conspicuous traits of his versatile and many-sided character. He was an ecclesiastic and a mystic. Miss Benson, in an interesting preface, explains the method of her father's work, and the extent of her own editorial task. The Archbishop had original notions on every detail of arrangement, down to the punctuation, which is chaotic. He excels himself in obscurity. Modern critical theories are, of course, entirely ignored. Men of the Archbishop's type are not friendly to criticism. It is not easy, therefore, to appraise the value of this monograph. The extraordinary involutions and allusiveness of the style will, we fear, hinder devotional readers from deriving the edification and enjoyment which a frankly uncritical work of high spiritual quality might be expected to give them.

"The Epistle of S. James," with notes for general readers. By the Rev. the Hon. James Adderley. London: Wells Gardner. 1900. 2s. 6d.

We can cordially recommend this book to any whose duty it may be to instruct Bible or other classes on the Epistle of S. James. Mr. Adderley has read the larger commentaries to good purpose; he gives us a simple and clear exposition of the text with short notes explaining its bearing on the problems and dangers and sins of modern as well as of Apostolic Christianity: he writes with an earnest insistence on the fundamental duties and truths of our religion that is as good as a volume of apologetics. In one case however his desire to be modern and colloquial in his exposition has led him into a piece of appallingly bad taste; is anything gained in explaining the text "the friendship of the world is enmity with God" by saying "the worldly man 'cuts' God when he meets Him in his everyday life"? We cannot help remembering Matthew Arnold's famous remark about the religious people who spoke of the Supreme Being "as if he were a man in the next street;" and we hope Mr. Adderley will excise this sentence should his book reach a second edition.

"The Time of Transition." By F. A. Hyndman. London: The New Century Press. 1900.

Only a genius, according to De Quincey, "can write first-rate nonsense;" and Mr. Hyndman is not a genius. He seems to be an amiable and well-meaning member of the Church of England, with a pet heresy. His book is a jumble of reflections on social and religious subjects, judicious "explanations" of Holy Scripture, and wholesale reprints of chapters from the Canonical and Apocryphal Books, apparently with the object of proving that the Third Person in the Blessed Trinity is to be conceived of by us as feminine—as the Divine Mother. It is the kind of stuff which makes us doubt whether we ought to laugh at the childish nonsense which the author has written, or weep because of his obvious good faith and conviction that he has lighted upon a vital Christian truth which has been misunderstood from Apostolic times. Reviewers must read these books, but other people need not.

SCIENTIFIC BOOKS.

"Hermann Ludwig Ferdinand von Helmholtz." By Professor M'Kendrick. London: Unwin. 1899. 3s. 6d.

Helmholtz is rightly included among the "Masters of Medicine" although by temperament and achievement he was more a physicist than a physician. He had an inborn capacity for mathematics, especially in application to physical problems, but he was persuaded by his father that there was a more certain career for a medical man. Like so many great Germans of this century, he received his immediate inspiration from Johannes Müller, and, from the beginning, made original research part of his career as a student. Throughout his life he continued to conduct investigations, and these, along with teaching and public lecturing, were his permanent occupation. For a few years after his graduation he held various minor

appointments in Berlin, and then became professor of physiology successively in Königsberg and Heidelberg, and finally succeeded Magnus as professor of physics in Berlin. The story of his life is simply an account of his discoveries, and Professor M'Kendrick explains these in a simple and interesting fashion. Helmholtz first attracted attention in 1842 by a famous tract on the conservation of energy, in its application to vital phenomena. Biology was only slowly shaking off its old metaphysical fetters, and, at a time before the investigations of Joule had been completed, the conception that the vital activity displayed by a living thing was merely a transformation of potential energy received in the form of food, to the exclusion of any "animate" force, was an idea at once startling and fertile. While he continued to be a physiologist, Helmholtz's investigations had always a mathematical and physical side. Perhaps his only direct contribution to medicine was an experimental discovery performed on himself of the value of a solution of quinine in destroying the organism of hay fever. His best known work was different in character. He was the first to estimate the rate at which nerve impulses travel along the nerves, and his discovery involved the invention of a new and delicate physiological apparatus. He invented the ophthalmoscope, and so was the first person to see a living human retina and to make possible the study and treatment of a number of serious diseases of the eye. He invented the ophthalmometer, a new instrument by which many delicate studies on vision became possible and the first use of which by Helmholtz brought about the discovery of accommodation. He made a series of remarkable investigations into the relation of the eye and ear to light and sound, employing physical, mathematical, and ordinary physiological methods with a success that almost made a new epoch in biological study. In his later years in Berlin, and in the great research institute founded at Charlottenburg, he devoted himself almost entirely to physical and mathematical studies, with the great results known to every student of physics. Helmholtz certainly was one of the most extraordinary men of the century, and a popular account of his work was to be desired.

"The Principles of Mechanics." By the late Professor Hertz. Translated by D. E. Jones and J. T. Walley. London: Macmillan. 1899. 10s. net.

The melancholy interest we have in Hertz's work and his mind is even deeper and more absorbing as we read the last instalment given by his able and sympathetic translators. In his treatise on mechanics we are on far different ground from that in the accounts of his work on "Electricity." The motive and the history of his attempt to conceive a new systematic development of the fundamental ideas in mechanics are amply explained in his own preface and Professor Helmholtz's. To anyone interested in the philosophy of science, all suggestive discussion on the primary conceptions of mechanics is of the greatest moment; but this book is more than a discussion, it is of the significance and importance we call epoch-making. Nevertheless in the history of the development of these conceptions, Hertz's treatise now tends to stand as an isolated event. Once again must we lament that untoward death which has prevented his reaping his own yield in full maturity from the seeds sown in this intensely condensed product of thought, and has taken away his personal stimulus from other men desirous of following up on the ground that he has broken. The "Principles" do not form an elementary introduction to mechanics. They are developed with the aid of all the mathematics available. But it will be comprehensible to all of us that the man whose original discoveries and ideas have given us Wireless Telegraphy should have been led in the course of his electrical experiments to fresh contemplation of our ideas of force, of the old puzzle "action at a distance;" and the new puzzle "Can all Physics be reduced to simple Mechanics?" We can comprehend that this contemplation should have impelled him to attempt a re-statement of such ideas. The attempt forms an achievement which will be a marvel to all his compeers and followers. It is for them to decide its final value. As usual extremes meet. Nowadays scores of teachers are lightly and rashly ordered to teach thousands of children elementary mechanics. They are likewise supposed to understand a little Psychology. If some of them have the pluck and perseverance to read the general introduction to this book, and give some hard thinking of their own to it, they should be inspired beyond expression by finding their little daily difficulties and troubles with young minds bound up closely with great problems of the human intellect; with Newton's puzzles, Faraday's difficulties, Hertz's endeavours.

"Milk, its Nature and Composition." By C. M. Aikman. Second edition. London: Black. 1899. 3s. 6d.

The second edition of this useful little book contains a series of additions which suggest that some of the necessary attention is at last being paid to the scientific side of dairy-work in England. Even yet there is no question but that dairy-work as a whole, including the collection and distribution of milk and all the processes of cheese- and butter-making, lags behind scientific knowledge all over the world, but especially in England. Probably, in a few years the use of unsterilised milk will be regarded as one of the most dangerous and most dirty

habits of the barbarous past, but as yet it is still difficult and costly to get regular supplies of it. Those who wish to know the dangers of unsterilised milk and the simple means of avoiding them will find all necessary information here. In cheese- and butter-making the greatest progress that is being made is in the direction of replacing by the use of pure cultures the old methods of starting the fermentations by the use of small quantities of soured material. All these fermentations are due to special bacteria. These are present in the soured cream, but along with them there are also present bacteria causing evil fermentations or the bacteria of disease, while in pure cultures all but the necessary organisms have been eliminated. It is the difference between sowing with cleaned seed and seed in which occur weeds and thistles as well as grain. The weeds and thistles of sour milk, however, do not only cumber the ground but are positively dangerous.

"The Röntgen Rays in Medical Work." By David Walsh. Second edition. London: Baillière, Tindall and Cox. 1900. 10s. 6d. net.

The application of the X-rays to medical work has passed beyond the experimental stage, and requires now merely that extension of methods which is being made rapidly. Since the first edition of this work improvements have been numerous. The tubes and electrical apparatus are more convenient and more certain; devices for arranging the patient have been greatly improved and the actual photographic methods are better. A difficulty in the practical use has been that while the injury or foreign body to be photographed is in space of three dimensions, the photograph is a flat surface and its preparation is only a stage on the way to localising. To aid in this, a whole series of delicate appliances have been invented, consisting chiefly of screens or cages of wire which appear in the photograph and give fixed points from which the position in space of the foreign body may be calculated. The actual applications of the method are as yet chiefly in surgery. Fractures and the position of foreign bodies can now be studied with considerable ease. Considerable progress has been made in employing the rays for the detection of concretions such as gall-stones and kidney-stones. Where these are suspected there is at present much difficulty in deciding as to operative interference. The operations required are extremely grave, and it frequently happens that all the usual symptoms occur without the presence of concretions sufficiently large to justify the use of the knife. The practical difficulty in using the rays for such cases is the thickness of the body through which they have to pass, but the advance in the methods is slowly conquering this. Dr. Walsh's book is clear and useful.

"Curiosities of Light and Sight." By Shelford Bidwell. London: Sonnenschein. 1899. 2s. 6d.

Everyone who has learnt the manipulation of light and of lenses by the practical use of a magic lantern or by photography which involves a little more than the pressing of buttons and the sending of films to be developed, knows enough to follow Mr. Bidwell's lectures on light and sight. Mr. Bidwell is an authority on his subject, but he has the special faculty of explaining technical matters in simple language, and he has devised a series of experiments which can be repeated or modified easily. After a general chapter on the nature of light, he shows the relation of the eye to radiations, and makes extremely plain the troublesome subjects of complementary colours, chromatic dispersion, astigmatism and so forth. Light, treated in this experimental fashion, forms an admirable introduction to science. There is a wide field for cultivating the powers of observation and for the faculties by which observations are combined and analysed. In the interpretation of the knowledge gained in this way, the fundamental problem of science or of philosophy is raised in a direct fashion; the problem as to how far our perceptions correspond with what may be called objective facts, and how far they are merely functions of our perceiving apparatus.

FRENCH LITERATURE. A RETROSPECT.

After a busy half-year both publishers and authors are resting in France; the "dead season," in fact, has begun and is likely to last until the end of September or the middle of October. Nothing new has appeared during the last fortnight; the very magazines show symptoms of indifference and languor, and so—in the midst of this depression—it only remains for us to look back upon some novels that have been published since the New Year and, while viewing them, deplore at the outset that not one can be justly described as a veritable masterpiece. Here, in these columns, we have called attention to the charms and merits of certain volumes from time to time; but it has been our unpleasant duty to condemn more often than to praise, and—while allowing that "style" has never been neglected or insulted—to point out errors in construction and evidence of bad taste. True, leading authors have been lying by: neither Zola nor Loti, neither Anatole France nor

(Continued on page 186.)

BRITISH WORKMAN'S AND GENERAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED

ESTABLISHED 1868.
Chief Office: BROAD STREET CORNER, BIRMINGHAM.
ANNUAL INCOME at the rate of £660,000. CLAIMS PAID EXCEED £2,560,000. FUNDS. Over £227,000 added during last two years and eight months.
MODERATE RATES.
PROMPT AND LIBERAL SETTLEMENT OF CLAIMS.
APPLICATIONS FOR AGENCIES INVITED.
Gentlemen able to influence good business will find the Company's agency terms very remunerative.

EQUITY AND LAW LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

The result of the 1899 Valuation shows a
Surplus of £466,277 19s. 1d.
The largest ever shown by the Society, being an increase of £122,800 (35 per cent.) over the surplus of five years ago.
For Report and New Prospectus and Specimen List of some recent Claims paid by the Society in which the sums assured were
MORE THAN DOUBLED BY BONUS ADDITIONS,
Apply to THE ACTUARY, 18 Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

UNIVERSAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Established 1834.
LARGE RESERVES. LOW PREMIUMS.
LARGE ANNUAL CASH BONUSES.

For 40 years the Annual Reductions of Premium on With-Profit Policies of six years' standing have equalled
45 PER CENT. of the ANNUAL PREMIUMS.
LIFE INTERESTS AND REVERSIONS PURCHASED,
OR ADVANCES MADE THEREON.
Chief Office:—1 KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON, E.C.

METROPOLITAN LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

ESTABLISHED 1835.
ALL SURPLUS DIVIDED BY WAY OF
REDUCTION OF PREMIUM.
The Rates of Reduction for current year range from 72 per cent. to 32 per cent.
NEW RATES FOR
ENDOWMENT ASSURANCES and
LIMITED PAYMENT ASSURANCES
With similar reductions.
Assets - £2,044,000.
NO AGENTS. NO COMMISSION.
OFFICES: 13 MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

FIRE. UNION LIFE. ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Established in the Reign of Queen Anne, A.D. 1714.
Head Office—81 CORNHILL, E.C., LONDON.
Accumulated Funds, £3,500,000. Subscribed Capital, £450,000.
Annual Income, £1,000,000.

Moderate Premiums. Extended Free Limits.
Interim Bonuses. Liberal Conditions.
Prompt Payment of Claims. Non-Forfeitable Policies.
Fire Manager—W. G. WILKINS. Sub-Fire Manager—A. F. BAILEY.
Actuary—L. K. PAGDEN. CHARLES DARRELL, Secretary.

THE SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Accumulated Funds - £15,000,000
Annual Revenue - £1,600,000
All belonging to the Members, among whom the Whole Profits realised are divided.
LONDON: 28 CORNHILL and 5 WATERLOO PLACE.
Policies issued during 1900 will receive two full years' Bonuses at next Division of Profits as at December 1901.

ATLAS ASSURANCE COMPANY.**FIRE.** (ESTABLISHED 1808.) **LIFE.****CAPITAL** - - - **£1,200,000.****HEAD OFFICE:** 92 CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.**WEST END BRANCH:** 4 PALL MALL EAST, S.W.**LIFE POLICIES.—Important Advantages.**

1. Whole World.
2. Unconditional.
3. Unforfeitable.
4. Guaranteed cash surrender values.

FIRE POLICIES AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

APPLICATIONS FOR AGENCIES INVITED.

Scottish Provident Institution.

(ESTABLISHED 1837.)

MUTUAL ASSURANCE WITH MODERATE PREMIUMS.**Accumulated Funds, £11,300,000.****The Surplus at last Investigation was £1,423,000.**

More than One-half of the Members who died during last Septennial period were entitled to **Bonuses** which, notwithstanding that the **Premiums do not as a rule exceed the non-profit rates of other Offices**, were, on the average, equal to an addition of about 50 per cent. to their Policies.

LONDON: 17 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.**HEAD OFFICE:** 6 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH.**THE LANCASHIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.**

ESTABLISHED 1852.

CAPITAL - - - **THREE MILLIONS.****Paid-up Capital and Funds, as at December 31, 1899, £1,618,404.****Head Office:** EXCHANGE STREET, MANCHESTER.**London Office:** 14 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.**West-End Office:** 18 REGENT STREET, WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.**Indisputable World-wide Life Policies. No Restrictions.****Fire Insurances in all parts of the World.****EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY INSURANCE** at Moderate Rates on the Merits of each Case.**DIGBY JOHNSON, General Manager.** **CHARLES POVAH, Sub-Manager.****PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY (LIMITED).****HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.****FOUNDED 1848.****INVESTED FUNDS** - - - - - **£27,000,000.****SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO PRIVATE INSURERS.****THE IMPERIAL INSURANCE COMPANY, Limited.**

FIRE. Est. 1803.—1 Old Broad Street, E.C.; 22 Pall Mall, S.W.; and 47 Chancery Lane, W.C. Subscribed Capital, £1,500,000. Paid-up, £300,000. Total Funds over £1,500,000.

E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

Ten years ago a well-known English Banker wrote:—

"I had no intention of Insuring my Life, but it seems to me now that your plan as to Policies is as good a way of Saving Money as any other."

This gentleman now writes:—

"I have pleasure in stating that I am well satisfied with the results of my Insurance in the MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK."

Before insuring elsewhere, ascertain what**THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.****OF NEW YORK
CAN DO FOR YOU.****ESTD. 1843.** **President, RICHARD A. McCURDY.** **ESTD. 1843.**

The distinctive Investment Advantages offered may be inferred from the fact that of the total payments made by the **MUTUAL LIFE**, exceeding **£105,000,000**, over **£80,000,000 Sterling** has been paid to **Living Policyholders**.

ASSETS (December 1899), nearly £62,000,000.**HEAD OFFICE FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM:****16, 17 & 18 CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.****C. HALDEMAN, General Manager.****ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE.***Incorporated A.D. 1720.***FOR SEA, FIRE, LIFE AND ANNUITIES.****CHIEF OFFICE:** ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON, E.C.**FUNDS EXCEED £4,500,000. CLAIMS PAID EXCEED £39,000,000.****FIRE.**

INSURANCES ARE GRANTED AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE on Property of almost every description, at moderate rates.

LIFE.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ASSURANCE IS TRANSACTED.
Absolute Security. Large Bonuses. Moderate Premiums.

ACCIDENTS AND EMPLOYER'S LIABILITY.

Insurances against Employer's Liability and Personal Accidents are now granted.
Bonuses on Accident Policies allowed to Life Policy-holders and Total Abstainers.

Apply for full Prospectus to **W. N. WHYMPER, Secretary.****COUNTY FIRE OFFICE,****50 Regent Street, W., and 14 Cornhill, E.C., London.****FOUNDED 1807.**

THE PREMIUM INCOME of this Office is derived from Home business only, no foreign risks being undertaken.

THE PAYMENTS MADE FOR LOSSES amount to **£5,000,000.** Damage by Lightning and Explosion of Coal Gas made good.

FORMS OF PROPOSAL and full particulars as to **Rates** and **Advantages** offered by the **COUNTY** may be obtained on application to the Company's Agents.

G. W. STEVENS, } *Joint Secretaries.*
G. E. RATLIFF, }**SUN LIFE OFFICE**

1810—1900.

*"Protection not Speculation"***LIFE OR ENDOWMENT ASSURANCES**

WITH

"PERFECT PROTECTION" BENEFITS.

Apply for Particulars of above New Scheme and last Report of the Society, to the **GENERAL MANAGER**, 63 Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.

LIFE. ANNUITIES. ACCIDENTS.**GRESHAM LIFE OFFICE****ASSETS, £7,250,000.**

Established 1848.

NOVEL and ATTRACTIVE forms of ASSURANCE, APPEALING SPECIALLY to those who desire to combine **INVESTMENT** with **FAMILY PROVISION.**

PROSPECTUS containing full Table of Rates for the above, and other new features, on application to

JAMES H. SCOTT, General Manager and Secretary,**ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.***The Gresham Life Assurance Society, Limited.***PROVIDENT LIFE OFFICE.**

(FOUNDED 1866.)

50 REGENT ST., W., & 14 CORNHILL, E.C.**IMPROVED SYSTEM OF BONUS DISTRIBUTION.***Children's Endowments Payable at Age 21.***FINANCIAL POSITION, 1900:**

Invested Funds	£3,271,694
Annual Income..	£354,425
Bonuses Declared exceed..	£3,784,000
Claims and Surrenders Paid	£11,188,500
Half Profits reserved in 1898	£299,601

*Prospectus and full information on application.***SCOTTISH AMICABLE****LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.***Established 1826.***Funds** - - - - - **£4,200,000.****ABSOLUTE SECURITY.****LARGE COMPOUND BONUSES.****LOW PREMIUMS.****LIBERAL CONDITIONS.****Head Office:** 35 St. Vincent Place, Glasgow.**London Office:** 1 Threadneedle Street, E.C.

Huysmans, has come forward with a book; and this, we suppose, is on account of the Exhibition. No doubt they have resolved to hold their volumes over until Paris is herself again, remembering and fearing the chagrin and unrest of the de Goncourts who deplored the Franco-Prussian war because "it would divert attention" from their most recent work. Occasionally, however, they have spoken in the press; nothing more remarkable has appeared in the "Figaro" of late years than Anatole France's masterly sketches of Nationalist "salons" (to which he gave the thoughtful title of "Histoire Contemporaine"), while Loti's account of some Indian cities in the same journal, and Zola's magnificent letter to the "Aurore" in which he denounced the Amnesty Bill and prophesied that evil would ensue from the "n'en parlons plus" programme so strongly recommended by the Senate, were both brilliant and startling enough to break the (literary) monotony of the moment.

Possibly we shall be credited with a taste in literature entirely peculiar to ourselves—an eccentric taste or a parti pris or a puritanical conscience—for declaring ourselves dissatisfied with the French novels of the last six months. Their publishers, we fear, will think all this; and readers of these fortnightly papers who have also perused the Parisian press with regularity, may marvel at the totally different judgments passed on certain books by our confrères and us, and wonder moreover how it comes about that we disagree. It sometimes happens, for instance, that a novel in our opinion should never have been written. Inane or immoral, it has no *raison d'être* and only draws attention to the painful fact that the author would do better in any other profession. We say this; and lo! a highly flattering critique appears in some Parisian journal on the morrow, describing the book in question as "graceful," "witty," "brilliant," and protesting with no little enthusiasm that the writer has "surpassed" himself. This, in itself, is not extraordinary; critics have various ways of viewing things and are sometimes benign enough to give not altogether merited encouragement; but the matter becomes truly amazing when, at frequent intervals, the same critique appears word for word in a dozen journals of all styles and standings. We encounter it, in fact, everywhere. We get to know it by heart. We feel competent to recite it without once faltering before all the authors, critics, and publishers in Paris.

A few months go by; we have almost forgiven the author when a second novel, no better than the first, calls for further condemnation from us. And behold! eloquent critiques appear on the top of this one, all glowing, all grateful, yet—all the same. And, most wonderful of all, the author has once more "surpassed" himself. Exhilarated, he writes on and on. Marvel of marvels! He "surpasses" himself a third time, and a fourth, and a fifth. His wit never forsakes him, nor yet does his brilliancy. His genius grows: is inexhaustible, unlimited. He will never never show signs of falling off. If he writes a thousand novels he will have written a thousand masterpieces; a thousand times will this tremendous, this overwhelming author have "surpassed" himself.

Still, these critiques do not succeed in arousing curiosity and interest. Parisians, of course, are fully aware that the writer who is for ever "surpassing" himself does not come by his praise in a disinterested and an honest manner, but that he obtains it through the offices of his publisher who, in sending out his book, encloses a printed slip on which the glowing epithets we have quoted are boldly put down and which, sad to relate, is unblushingly inserted in almost all the papers. We do not suggest that the author is a party to the fraud; in most cases, we imagine that he (or she) must object to the circulation of improper "puffs," and long for a higher and a more valuable criticism. Only the publishers are guilty, and the papers that are unprincipled enough to support them. Unfortunately even the most highly respected organs insert the "puff"; and thus it is that the five or six most remarkable novels that have appeared since the New Year (and which we intend to notice again below) have not been praised with the moderation they deserve, but with a shameless immodesty which, in the opinion of all reasonable people, has only rendered them and their authors ridiculous.

Although we award the place of honour to Madame Lescot for her delightful "Roman d'un Petit Vieux" (Calmann Lévy. 3f. 50c.), the "success of the season" has been gained by M. Lucien Muhlfeld's "Carrière d'André Tourette" (Ollendorff. 3f. 50c.). The last, of course, has been praised far too extravagantly, and also "boomed" by a quantity of long (and presumably paid for) articles. Still, M. Muhlfeld has portrayed the vain, cynical, and selfish young man of the world—his hero—with much insight and humour; while his mistress, a kind-hearted demi-mondaine, is a "creation" of whom he may well be proud. Several other striking character sketches entitle this volume to consideration; but we should never dream of calling it a masterpiece. Of the "Petit Vieux," we spoke quite recently: predicting a distinguished future for Madame Lescot, and congratulating her on the charm of her style as well as on the skilful and sympathetic way in which she has sketched the gentle, sensitive, chivalrous little man whose doom it was to pass the best part of his life in darkness and depression before being at last rewarded. "Les Sévriennes" (Ollendorff. 3f. 50c.),

also by an accomplished and a cultured woman, we found exhilarating and refreshing—partly on account of the admirable studies of girls who inhabited the college at Sèvres in the author's early days and chiefly on account of Berthe Passy's witty and amusing letters to her Bohemian father, a poet at Montmartre. But Gyp's book, "Trop de Chic" (Calmann Lévy. 3f. 50c.), came as an unpleasant shock after the delicate and refined workmanship of the "Sévriennes" and "Petit Vieux." The dialogue was as cynically "smart" as ever, and the people were not more polite and pleasant than usual. Here and there the sketches were coarse, particularly those chapters that dealt with summer life by the sea. We failed (and fail still) to see any humour in the offensive list of articles left in bathing-machines and picked up on the shore; we laid the vulgar little volume down with relief.

More ambitious were M. Armand Charpentier's "Petite Bohème" (Ollendorff. 3f. 50c.) and M. Paul Bourget's "Drames de Famille" (Plon. 3f. 50c.). The first described the life in a huge house on one of the exterior boulevards; the second dwelt principally upon the tragedy of an unhappy ménage, and both, powerful as they were, left an unpleasant impression. M. Charpentier, however, had undoubtedly studied his subject conscientiously. The squalid atmosphere of the house; the sordid professions of its inmates; the marriages, quarrels, and deaths that took place in this milieu: all these M. Charpentier described with remarkable if disquieting skill. Not so sordid but just as depressing were M. Bourget's characters and theme. With habitual patience he analysed the emotions of the woman who schemed to marry her sentimental daughter to a man she did not love; with charming tenderness he sketched the father who prevented the match, and the dénouement which resulted in the eventual separation of husband and wife was highly dramatic. The book would give a stranger to M. Bourget's writings a capital idea of the high gifts of the author of "Mensonges" and "Cruelle Enigme."

Before passing on to the books that enjoyed a "succès de scandale," we would pay a tribute of appreciation to M. Edmond Rod's "Au Milieu du Chemin" (Charpentier. 3f. 50c.)—which dealt with the agitation of a dramatist who feared that his sensational pieces would have an immoral influence on the people—and also to M. Jacques Normand, whose admirable volume of short stories, "Du Triste au Gai" (Ollendorff. 3f. 50c.) reminded us of Guy de Maupassant's "Nouvelles." His collaboration with the author of "Père Milon" has had excellent results; and we take this opportunity of again advising English writers who wish to excel in the art of short-story writing to obtain and study this eminently satisfactory little volume. Of M. Jean Lorrain's "Histoires de Masques" (Ollendorff. 3f. 50c.), we cannot trust ourselves to speak with moderation and restraint. Certainly, M. Catulle Mendès' disciple has surpassed himself, not in brilliance, however, nor yet in wit—but in producing a book that is wholly and irredeemably corrupt from first to last. Equally repulsive was "Les Mancenilles" (Plon. 3f. 50c.), but in another way. There was nothing particularly decadent or extraordinarily vicious about it, it simply erred in introducing impossible people and making them commit the most heartless crimes. Here and there, the author (whose name we have forgotten and, indeed, have no wish to recall) displayed the most startling ignorance of his monde; we refuse to believe that ministers and their wives speak in the manner he records, nor yet can we think that they behave publicly in the fashion he describes. "Léa" (Lemerre. 3f. 50c.), by Marcel Prévost, which we reviewed a few weeks ago, must be put down immediately as an appalling failure. It did not please those who rejoiced over "Les Demi-Vierges" and other nauseous volumes by the same shoddy author, nor yet did it satisfy that ever-increasing public whose interest in the "question féministe" has been aroused by MM. Paul and Victor Marguerite's "Femmes Nouvelles." Frankly, we wonder that the critics dared to proclaim that M. Prévost had "surpassed" himself; for "Léa," long-winded, unutterably dull, abominably written, is only remarkable for being the very worst novel of the season.

Memoirs have been as plentiful as novels, but far more interesting. Those published by the Maison Plon (and there have been quite a dozen) dealt principally with Court life before the Revolution; with the Revolution itself, and with the time of the first Napoleon. Critical works have been scarce, and this was just as well—for no one could have surpassed M. Emile Faguet's admirable and exhaustive study of French literature in two volumes from its origin up to the present day (Plon. 7f. 50c.). Nothing out of the way has appeared in the "Revue des Revues" and "Revue de Paris." The caricatures of the first have invariably been pointless and offensive, while the articles on the war in South Africa were evidently inspired by that misguided agitator and journalist, Mr. Stead. The war has also been discussed by the "Revue de Paris" and "Revue Bleue," but more intelligently; and the "Revue Britannique," in dealing with the same question, has invariably displayed an honourable impartiality.

For This Week's Books see page 188.

TWENTIETH CENTURY CATALOGUE,

Introducing
10 NEW MODELS,
Free on Application to

JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS, LTD.

18, 20 AND 22 WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.

Egypt's peerless contribution
to modern luxury



**NESTOR
GIANACLIS
CIGARETTES**

OF ALL TOBACCONISTS

157^A NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

CRAVEN

Dr. J. M. Barrie says, "What I call the 'Arcadia' in 'My Lady Nicotine' is the CRAVEN Mixture, and no other."

1 LB. SAMPLE TIN, 2/3; POST FREE, 2/6.

J. J. CARRERAS, 7 Wardour St., Leicester Sq., W.
OR AGENTS.

REAL GERMAN HOLLOW GROUND

KROPP RAZOR

ALWAYS READY FOR USE

ENGLISH MANUFACTURE

WARRANTED PERFECT

NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING.

Black Handle ..	5/6	Pr. Ivory Handles in Russia	
Ivory Handle ..	7/6	Leather Case ..	21/-
Kropp Duplex Strop ..	7/6	Kropp Strop Paste ..	6d.

WRITE FOR PAMPHLET, "Shaver's Kit or Outfit," Post Free.

Wholesale: OSBORNE, GARRETT & CO., LONDON, W.

"The standard of highest purity."—*The Lancet*.

Cadbury's

COCOA

Absolutely Pure—therefore Best.

Free from Drugs, Alkali, or any foreign admixture.

When asking for Cocoa insist on having CADBURY'S—sold only in Packets and Tins—as other Cocos are sometimes substituted for the sake of extra profit.

On receipt of Post Card giving name and address, and mentioning the "SATURDAY REVIEW,"

A FREE SAMPLE

of Cocoa will be sent by CADBURY BROTHERS, Limited, Bournville, near Birmingham.

EMPIRE THEATRE,

LEICESTER SQUARE.

EVERY EVENING, NEW BALLET: ROUND THE TOWN AGAIN.

GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.

Doors open 7.45.

EPPS'STHE MOST
NUTRITIOUS.

BREAKFAST AND SUPPER.

GRATEFUL.
COMFORTING.**COCOA****ROWLANDS'
ODONTO**

Is the best dentifrice you can use; it Whitens the Teeth, Prevents and Arrests Decay, and Sweetens the Breath. Sold by Stores, Chemists, and A. ROWLANDS & SONS, 67 Hatton Garden, London.

AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, TASMANIA.

ORIENT LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

LEAVE LONDON EVERY ALTERNATE FRIDAY
for the above COLONIES, calling at PLYMOUTH, GIBRALTAR,
MARSEILLES, NAPLES, PORT SAID, and COLOMBO.

Managers: { F. GREEN & CO. Head Offices:
ANDERSON, ANDERSON & CO. } Fenchurch Avenue, London.

For passage apply to the latter firm at 5 Fenchurch Avenue, E.C., or to
the Branch Office, 26 Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.

P. & O. COMPANY'S INDIA, CHINA, AND AUSTRALIAN MAIL
SERVICES.

P. & O. FREQUENT SAILINGS TO GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES,
MALTA, EGYPT, ADEN, BOMBAY, KURRACHEE,
CALCUTTA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALIA,
TASMANIA, and NEW ZEALAND.

P. & O. CHEAP RETURN TICKETS and ROUND THE WORLD
TOUR S. For Particulars apply at the London Offices, 122 Leaden-
hall Street, E.C., or 25 Cockspur Street, S.W.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK,

Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

CURRENT ACCOUNTS. 2%
on the minimum monthly balances, when not
drawn below £100. 2%
DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS. 2½%
on Deposits, repayable on demand. 2½%

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Stocks and Shares purchased and sold for customers.

The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post free.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

Telephone No. 5 Holborn.
Telegraphic Address: "BIRKBECK, LONDON."

STANDARD BANK of SOUTH AFRICA, Ltd.

(Bankers to the Government of the Cape of Good Hope.)

Head Office, 10 Clement's Lane, Lombard Street, London, E.C., and

90 Branches in South Africa.

Subscribed Capital (31st December, 1899) .. £4,959,400

Paid-up Capital £1,239,850

Reserve Fund £1,107,800

This Bank grants drafts on, and transacts every description of banking business
with, the principal towns in Cape Colony, Natal, South African Republic, Orange
River Colony, Rhodesia, and East Africa. Telegraphic remittances made. Deposits
received for fixed periods. Terms on application.

J. CHUMLEY, London Manager.



THE MOST DELICIOUS SAUCE IN THE WORLD.

Sold everywhere. 6d., 7s. and 2s. bottles. Beware of substitutions.
Sole Proprietors: GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & CO., LEEDS.

SMITH, ELDER, & CO.'S LIST.

MR. CROCKETT'S NEW NOVEL.

At all Booksellers' and Libraries. With a Frontispiece.
Crown 8vo. 6s.

LITTLE ANNA MARK.

By S. R. CROCKETT,

Author of "Cleg Kelly," "The Red Axe," "The Black Douglas," &c.
Daily News.—"In 'Little Anna Mark' Mr. Crockett is quite at his best. For this is a good rattling story of romantic adventure. Never once does his invention flag—one dramatic incident succeeds another with lightning rapidity."
World.—"A story which is highly romantic, and as realistic as could be desired. The quiet humour of the author comes out pleasantly as a relief to the tenseness of the scenes of danger and suffering, and his vivid pictures of the wild and melancholy region through which he leads his readers will attract them strongly."
Speaker.—"Romantic adventure, especially in his own country, is undoubtedly Mr. Crockett's strong point. There is a good deal of vigorous writing that does not miss fire like so much in modern heretical stuff, and 'Little Anna Mark' is a sufficiently dashing and attractive heroine to fill the title rôle with effect. Altogether here is a good tale to read."

THE CHICAMON STONE:

A LEGEND OF THE YUKON BASIN.

By CLIVE PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY, Author of "One of the Broken Brigade," &c.
Punch.—"The Chicamon Stone" is a succession of pictures of one of the weirdest parts of the world. In power, in simplicity, in occasional grandeur, it is worthy of the theme. My Baronet, brought up on Fenimore Cooper, ruefully admits what a stagey creature he was compared with Clive Phillipps-Wolley."
Spectator.—"Mr. Phillipps-Wolley is a poet as well as a sportsman; he has a keen sense of the picturesque and the sinister, a happy knack of translating his impressions into forcible and suggestive language, and a most artistic touch in the portraiture of villains, whether of the pale or red-skinned variety."
Saturday Review.—"Here is an author with a sense of a style, and a storyteller with a true eye for dramatic effect. Mr. Clive Phillipps-Wolley holds one breathless. Every little incident is a picture. The book must be read."

TO THE HEALING OF THE SEA.

By FRANCIS H. HARDY, Author of "The Mills of God."

Pall Mall Gazette.—"As well done as anything we have seen for some time. Some of the characters are exceptionally life-like, while the scenes in Wall Street are full enough of palpitating excitement to satisfy anybody. The book is good reading throughout."
St. James's Gazette.—"Mr. Hardy has good constructive power, and his story is readable and interesting."
Outlook.—"To create a character like 'Old Tom Brown' with such constant sparkle of language and incident is a real achievement."

POPULAR SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.

By
STANLEY J. WEYMAN. **THE CASTLE INN.** With a Frontispiece. Fifth Edition.

By
HENRY SETON MERRIMAN. **RODEN'S CORNER.** Third Edition. **IN KEDAR'S TENTS.** Eighth Edition. **THE GREY LADY.** New Edition. With 12 Full-page Illustrations.

By
A. CONAN DOYLE. **THE SOWERS.** Twentieth Edition. **THE GREEN FLAG, and other Tales of War and Sport.** With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. 6s. **THE TRAGEDY OF THE KOROSKO.** With 40 Full-page Illustrations. **UNCLE BERNAC.** With 12 Full-page Illustrations. Second Edition. **RODNEY STONE.** With 8 Full-page Illustrations.

By Mrs.
HUMPHRY WARD. **THE WHITE COMPANY.** Twenty-second Edition. **HELBECK OF BANNISDALE.** Fifth Edition. **SIR GEORGE TRESSADY.** Fourth Edition.

By
S. R. CROCKETT. **THE BLACK DOUGLAS.** With 8 Full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Third Edition. **THE RED AXE.** With 8 Full-page Illustrations. Third Edition. **CLEG KELLY, Arab of the City.** Third Edition.

BOOKS FOR SEASIDE AND HOLIDAY READING.

* Messrs. SMITH, ELDER, and CO. will be happy to send, post-free on application, a Copy of their Catalogue, containing a List of ss., ss. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., and 6s. Popular Novels, together with a large number of Miscellaneous Works.

Among the Authors whose works are comprised in several Novel Series are the following:—

Rider Haggard.
Conan Doyle.
S. R. Crockett.
Henry Seton Merriman.
Stanley J. Weyman.
F. Anstey.

James Payson.
George Gissing.
Mrs. Humphry Ward.
Mrs. Oliphant.
The Author of "Molly Bawn."
The Author of "John Herring."

W. E. Norris.
Hamilton Aids.
Anthony Trollope.
Mrs. Gaskell.
Holme Lee.
The Brontë Sisters, &c.

London: SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

BIOGRAPHY.

Life of Sir James N. Douglass, F.R.S. (Thomas Williams). Longmans. 3s. 6d.
Joel Dorman Steele: Teacher and Author (Mrs. George Archibald). Gay and Bird. 5s.

CHINA.

China and the Present Crisis, with Notes on a Visit to Japan and Korea (Joseph Walton). Sampson Low. 6s.
China in Decay, the Story of a Disappearing Empire (Alexis Krausse. Third edition). Chapman and Hall. 5s.
Personal Narrative of Occurrences during Lord Elgin's Second Embassy to China in 1860 (Henry Brougham Loch. Third edition). Murray. 2s. 6d. net.
The Story of the Nations: China (Professor Robert K. Douglas. Second edition). Unwin. 5s.

HISTORY.

Origin of the Anglo-Boer War Revealed (C. H. Thomas). Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.
Sutton-in-Holderness: the Manor, the Berewic, and the Village Community (Thomas Blashill. Cheap edition). Stock.
Oldest Books in the World: an Account of the Religion, Wisdom, Philosophy, Ethics, Psychology, Manners, Proverbs, Sayings, Refinement, &c., of the Ancient Egyptians (Isaac Myer). Kegan Paul. 30s. net.

LAW.

A Handbook of Thames River Law (G. Pitt-Lewis). Effingham Wilson. 15s. net.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Flora of Bournemouth (Edward F. Linton). Bournemouth: Commis. 8s. 6d. net.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Ancient Ideals (Henry Osborn Taylor. 2 vols.). New York: The Macmillan Company. 21s. net.

TRAVEL.

Baedeker's London and its Environs (Karl Baedeker). Leipzig: Baedeker. London: Dulau. 6 marks.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Arcopagitica and other Tracts (John Milton); Tully's Offices Turned Out of Latin into English by Roger L'Estrange. Dent. Temple Edition. 1s. 6d. net each.
Constitution and Laws of Afghanistan, the (Mir Munshi Sultan Mohammad Khan). Murray. 2s. 6d. net.
Dictionnaire Général de la Langue Française (Par Adolphe Hatzfeld et Arsène Darmesteter). Paris: Ch. Delagrave. 1 fr.
Drill Book for the Royal Irish Constabulary (Charles Houghton Rafter). Gale and Polden. 2s. net.
I Canti di Giacomo Leopardi (Michele Scherillo). Milano: Ulrico Hoepli. Lire 2.
Laundry Work (A. Daniel). McCorquodale.
Manuali Hoepli:—Guida del Raccoglitore e dell' Amatore di Armi Antiche con cccxxxiii Disegni di L. Pasini e xxii Tavole (Comm. Jacopo Gelli), lire 6.50; Letteratura Italiana dalle Origini al 1748 (Cesare Fenini). 5a Edizione completamente rifatta dal Professore Vittorio Ferrari, lire 1.50. Milano: Ulrico Hoepli.
Murray's Handy Classical Maps: Palestine, &c.; Germania, &c. (Edited by G. B. Grundy). Murray. 1s. net each.
Plays for Amateur Performance: As You Like It (Elsie Fogerty). Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d. net.
Sul Meriggio (Gian della Quercia). Milano: Fratelli Treves. Quattro lire.
Twenty-four Sacred Musical Solos (Composed by Miss Ada Rose). Marshall Bros. 1s. net.

NOTICES.

The Terms of Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW are:—

	United Kingdom.			Abroad.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
One Year ...	1	8	2	1	10	4
Half Year ...	0	14	1	0	15	3
Quarter Year ...	0	7	1	0	7	7

Cheques and Money Orders should be crossed and made payable to the Manager, SATURDAY REVIEW Offices, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

In the event of any difficulty being experienced in obtaining the SATURDAY REVIEW, the Publisher would be glad to be informed immediately.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is on sale at the following places abroad:—
PARIS The Galligani Library, 224 Rue de Rivoli.
" Messrs. Boyveau & Chevillet, 22 Rue de la Banque.
" Le Kiosque Michel, Boulevard des Capucines.
" Le Kiosque Duperron, Boulevard des Capucines.
BRUSSELS Kiosque 172 (Terminus) Rue St. Lazare.
" Messrs. G. Lebbgue et Cie, 45 Rue de la Madeleine.
BERLIN W. H. Kühl, Jägerstrasse 73.
VIENNA Messrs. Gerold & Co., 8 Steiansplatz.
BUDA-PESTH A. Lappert.
ROME Messrs. Loescher & Co., Corso 307.
MADRID Libreria Gutenberg, Plaza de Santa Ana 13.
CONSTANTINOPLE Otto Keli, 457 Grande Rue de Péra.
HAMBURG Schick's Library.
CAIRO The Anglo-American Bookselling Depot.
NEW YORK The International News Company, 83 & 85 Duane St.
BOSTON, MASS. (U.S.A.) Messrs. Darnell & Upham, 283 Washington Street.
TORONTO, CANADA The Toronto News Company, 49 Yonge Street.
" The Harold Wilson Company, 35 King Street West.
MONTREAL, CANADA The Montreal News Company, 386 St. James's Street.

A NEW VOLUME OF POETRY.

AD ASTRA.

BY CHARLES WHITWORTH WYNNE.

Bound in full buckram, bevelled boards, gilt top, fcap. 4to. 7s. 6d. net.

First Edition on Hand-made Paper.

A FEW EXTRACTS FROM EARLY REVIEWS.

"Mr. Wynne's poem is clear as well as thoughtful, and gives a musical expression to abstruse considerations too often made dull in prose, and cultured readers will turn to it not without interest and admiration."—*Scotsman*.

"We have here a sustained poem of some 237 stanzas, in which Mr. Wynne argues out the great questions of Life, Death, the Hereafter, and Religion. The opening verses are exceedingly graceful and well expressed, and breathe the spirit of true poetry; afterwards, when Mr. Wynne gets more into the complexities of his argument, the lines are not so smooth, though it must be admitted that he keeps a good level. Mr. Wynne, in short, whose name is fresh to us, proves that he has power, and perhaps he would have secured more easy recognition had he first of all ventured a smaller volume. We ought to add, in justice to the publisher of the volume, that the stanzas are beautifully printed, and the book, as a book, is a most attractive production."

Birmingham Gazette.

"As a human document, poetically rendered, 'Ad Astra' has a special interest, and, on this view, it rather gains than loses from its crudities and inequalities. Love, Philosophy, Religion, all claim authority and command attention; but, though Love is felt to be all in all, the 'unknown Goddess' has not yet revealed herself. It is this organising, but as yet inorganic, chaos which Mr. Wynne has faithfully depicted, and his verse is likely to be best appreciated by those who, passing through a like experience, may find it sympathetically interpretative."—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph*.

"Mr. Wynne passes from subject to subject with a due observance of links, so that we are spared abrupt transitions, and, as it were, fade from one hue into another. In speaking of nature, Mr. Wynne nearly achieves eloquence, and later, while emphasising his belief that the world will pass from religious cliques to a grand and consoling catholicity, he rises to and maintains utterance worthy of his theme. Indeed, the weak verses in this poem may be counted on the fingers of both hands."—*Literary World*.

"There is much in this poem to admire, and shining couplets that fix themselves in the memory."—*Dundee Advertiser*.

"There are good lines in this poem, and good material, both in thought and expression."—*St. James's Budget*.

"We dare venture to say that this poem would have created quite a sensation towards the close of the last or at the commencement of the present century."—*Court Circular*.

"Mr. Wynne writes of the first and great commandment, which is also the last. It is the last in the quest undertaken by the soul whose history is told in these stanzas, and who sets forth with the love of nature, ascends to the love of one chosen fellow-creature, and finally climbs through sorrow to the love of God."—*Weekly Register*.

"Lovers of verse will find much to admire in Mr. Wynne's work, in which he demonstrates the possession of a rich poetical gift."—*York Daily Herald*.

London: GRANT RICHARDS, 9 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

REVUE DES REVUES

Un Numéro spécimen ET 24 Numéros par an
SUR DEMANDE. Revue d'Europe et d'Amérique Richelement illustrée.

Pew de mots, beaucoup d'idées.

Pew de mots, beaucoup d'idées.

Au prix de 20 fr. en France et de 24 fr. à l'étranger on a un abonnement d'un an pour la Revue des Revues, RICHEMENT ILLUSTRÉE.

"Avec elle, on sait tout, tout de suite" (ALEX. DUMAS FILS), car "la Revue des Revues est extrêmement bien faite et constitue une des lectures des plus intéressantes, des plus passionnantes" (FRANÇOISE SARCÉY); "rien n'est plus utile que ce résumé de l'esprit humain" (E. ZOLA); "elle a conquis une situation brillante et prépondérante parmi les grandes revues françaises et étrangères" (*Les Débats*); "la Revue publie des études magistrales" (*Figaro*); etc.

La Revue paraît le 1^{er} et le 15 de chaque mois, publie des articles inédits signés par les plus grands noms français et étrangers.

La Revue publie également les analyses des meilleurs articles parus dans les périodiques du monde entier, caricatures politiques, des romans et nouvelles, dernières inventions et découvertes, etc., etc.

La collection annuelle de la Revue forme une vraie encyclopédie de 4 gros volumes, ornés d'environ 1,500 gravures et contenant plus de 400 articles, études, nouvelles, romans, etc.

Rédaction et Administration: 12 AVENUE DE L'OPÉRA, PARIS.

NATIONAL INDIAN ASSOCIATION

In Aid of Social Progress and Education in India.

Patroness: H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

THIS Association, which has several Branches in

India, was founded in 1871, with the following objects:—

1. To extend a knowledge of India in England, and an interest in the people of that country.
2. To co-operate with efforts made in India for advancing education and social reforms.
3. To promote friendly intercourse between English people and the people of India.

The Committee (Chairman, SIR STEUART C. BAYLEY, K.C.S.I.) organise Lectures on Indian subjects, and occasional Soirées, publish a Monthly Magazine, and afford information and advice to Indians in England. They also make grants from a Special Fund to the Branch Committees in India, for Scholarships, Training of Teachers, Home Classes, &c., in encouragement of Education for Women.

The principle of non-interference with religion is strictly maintained.

Annual Subscription, One Guinea; Life-Membership payment, Ten Guineas.

The *Indian Magazine and Review* is supplied to Members, or can be obtained for 3s. per annum, post free, from Mr. J. S. PHILLIPS, 121 Fleet Street, E.C.; or Messrs. ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & Co., 2 Whitehall Gardens, S.W.

Subscriptions and Donations to be paid to the LONDON AND WESTMINSTER BANK, 1 St. James's Square, S.W.; to STEPHEN N. FOX, Esq., Treasurer, New University Club, S.W.; or to Miss E. A. MANNING, Hon. Sec., 3 Pembridge Crescent, W.

LIBRARIES and Collections of Books purchased for prompt cash in Town or Country. Valuations for Probate, &c.—MVERS & Co., Booksellers' Row, Strand, London, W.C.

BOOKS.—HATCHARDS,

BOOKSELLERS TO THE QUEEN, 287 Piccadilly, W.—Libraries entirely Fitted up, Arranged, and Catalogued. All the New and Standard Books, Bibles, Prayer-books, &c. New Choice Bindings for Presents. Post orders promptly executed. Usual cash discounts.

Just published, cloth elegant, price 4s. 6d.

ATTEMPTS IN VERSE.

By CHARLES H. HOOLE,

Student of Christ Church, Oxford.

RIVINGTONS 34 King Street, Covent Garden, London.

Latest News.

Reliable News.

EVERYBODY

INTERESTED IN CHINA OR THE TRANSVAAL

SHOULD READ THE
"ARMY AND NAVY GAZETTE."

(The Leading Service Journal.)

Its Articles are written by Service Men.

Published every SATURDAY. Price 6d.

OFFICES: 3 YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.

Official News.

Personal News.

THE HANFSTAENGL GALLERY, 16 PALL MALL EAST

(Nearly opposite the National Gallery).

Reproductions in Carbon Print, Photo-
gravure and Squarellgravure from the works of . . .

Old and Modern Masters,

comprising the Pictures in the . . .

NATIONAL & TATE GALLERIES

and many others of the

MOST IMPORTANT COLLECTIONS.

ART BOOKS AND ARTISTIC FRAMING.

Lists and Prospectuses Post Free. Illustrated Catalogues, 1s.

INSPECTION INVITED.

THE "STANDARD" PEN "THE PRIZE WINNER IN FOUNTAIN PENS."

"THE AMERICAN STANDARD FOUNTAIN PEN," Warranted.

This Pen has a Substantial 14-carat Gold Nib in it.
Every Variety of Points to suit all writers.
Holder is of the best grade and finish.
The Ink Feed and Ink Supply absolutely reliable.
Fully Warranted in every particular.

Retail Price, 10/6,

In box complete. Fine, medium, or broad points.
But in order to demonstrate our quality we will send Sample
Pens to anyone

Post Free on receipt of 5/-

Money Returned if Pen is not what we say.

MAKERS—

**THE AMERICAN STATIONERY CO.
17 NICHOLAS STREET, BRISTOL.**

"THE INVINCIBLE FOUNTAIN PEN" is the same style, but with
a Cheaper Nib, at 2/6.

J. G. CHANCELLOR, M.A. (1st Class, Classical
Tripos), late Fellow of Clare College, Cambridge, prepares
Pupils for the Universities and all preliminary Examinations, at
his residence, CROSS DEEP, Twickenham, Middlesex, a fine old
house beautifully and healthily situated on the Thames. Excellent
references.

THE DUKE'S HEAD HOTEL, King's Lynn,
Norfolk. Situated in the centre of the Town, and in close proximity to
Sandringham and Hunstanton. Good fishing and shooting, and boating on the
river Ouse. Proprietor, SYDNEY AIREY.

THE JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

No. 373 for AUGUST.

A BRIEF FOR DEMOS.

DR. WARRE, THE WAR, AND NATIONAL EDUCATION.
SOME THOUGHTS ON "SCIENCE."

REV. A. R. VARDY.

FEDERAL EDUCATIONAL COUNCIL CONFERENCE.

The Education Bill—Inspection and Inspectors—
Dr. Butler on Specialization—Salaries of Assistant-
Masters—Mistresses and Manners—Technical Edu-
cation—Safe Novels—Colonial and Foreign Notes—
Universities and Schools.

TRANSLATION PRIZE COMPETITION.

HOLIDAY PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

Price 6d.; per post, 7½d.

Offices: 3 BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

A Charming Gift Book!

"A brilliant book."—*Sketch*.

6s. Claret roan, gilt. Illustrated.

"Particularly good."—*Academy*.

LONDON IN THE TIME OF THE DIAMOND JUBILEE.

London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

Llangollen: Darlington & Co.

DARLINGTON'S HANDBOOKS.

Letter from H.M. THE QUEEN.

"Sir Henry Ponsonby is commanded by the Queen to thank Mr. Darlington for
a copy of his Handbook which he has sent to Her Majesty."

"Nothing better could be wished for."—*British Weekly*.

"Far superior to ordinary Guides."—*London Daily Chronicle*.

Edited by RALPH DARLINGTON, F.R.G.S.

Maps by JOHN BARTHOLOMEW, F.R.G.S.

Foolscap. 8vo. ONE SHILLING EACH. Illustrated.
Bournemouth and New Forest. The Channel Islands.
The North Wales Coast. The Isle of Wight.
Chester and the Vale of Llangollen. The Wye Valley.
Ross, Tintern, and Chepstow. The Severn Valley.
Bristol, Bath, Wells, and Weston-super-Mare.
Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings, and St. Leonards.
Llandudno, Rhyl, Bangor, Bettwsycoed, and Snowdon.
Aberystwyth, Barmouth, Machynlleth, and Aberdovey.
Barmouth, Dolgelly, Harlech, Criccieth, and Pwllheli.
Malvern, Hereford, Worcester, Gloucester, and Cheltenham.
Llandrindod Wells and the Spas of Mid-Wales.
Conway, Colwyn Bay, Penmaenmawr, Llanfairfechan.
Norwich, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, and the Norfolk Broads.

THIRD EDITION, ENLARGED. 5s. 24 Maps and Plans.

"What would not the intelligent tourist in Paris or in Rome give for such a
guide-book as this, which teaches so much that is outside the usual scope of such
volumes?"—*The Times*.

"The best Handbook to London ever issued."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

"Most emphatically tops them all."—*Daily Graphic*.

LONDON AND ENVIRONS.

By EMILY CONSTANCE COOK and E. T. COOK, M.A.

With an additional Index of 4,500 references to all streets and
places of interest.

Llangollen: DARLINGTON & Co.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & Co., LTD.
The Railway Bookstalls, and all Booksellers.

H. SOTHERAN & CO.,

BOOKSELLERS, BOOKBINDERS, AND PUBLISHERS.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR PRIVATE BOOKBUYERS AND PUBLIC
INSTITUTIONS IN INDIA, THE COLONIES, AMERICA,
AND ABROAD.

A Monthly Catalogue; Specimen Number post free.

LIBRARIES PURCHASED OR VALUED AND CATALOGUED
AND ARRANGED.

Telegraphic Address: "BOOKMEN, LONDON." Code: UNICODR.

140 STRAND, W.C., and 37 PICCADILLY, W., LONDON.

EXPERT ANALYSTS,

Navy and Army Surgeons, and Medical Officers of Health will tell you that

"MONTSERRAT"



LIME-FRUIT JUICE

is the **PUREST** and **BEST**, and the most Cooling, Refreshing, and Healthful Drink. It has the **Real Taste and flavour of the Fresh Fruit**, being pressed from the famous "MONTSERRAT" Cultivated Lime-Fruit.

LORD KITCHENER,

The hero of Omdurman, selected "Montserrat" for the Troops in the Soudan Campaign.

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT ALSO OBTAINED SUPPLIES FOR PHILIPPINE AND CUBAN CAMPAIGNS.

"Montserrat" Lime-Fruit Juice and Cordials are Sold by Druggists, Grocers and Wine Merchants everywhere.

LONDON (ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL) SCHOOL OF MEDICINE FOR WOMEN,

8 Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, W.C.

THE WINTER SESSION BEGINS on MONDAY,

October 1, with an Introductory Address by Miss Aldrich-Blake, M.S., M.D., at 4 P.M. Fees for Lectures and Hospital Practice, £125 in one sum, or £15 in four instalments. Fees for Preliminary Scientific Classes, £21.

The prospectus, giving full information as to Entrance and other Scholarships, can be obtained from Miss Douie, M.B., Secretary.

E. GARRETT ANDERSON, M.D., Dean.

GUY'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.

THE WINTER SESSION will BEGIN on MONDAY, October 1, 1900. Entrance Scholarships of the combined value of £410 are awarded annually, and numerous Prizes and Medals are open for competition by students of the school.

The number of patients treated in the wards during last year exceeded 7,500. All Hospital appointments are made strictly in accordance with the merits of the candidates, and without extra payment. There are 28 resident appointments open to students of the Hospital annually, without payment of additional fees, and numerous non-resident appointments in the general and special departments. The Queen Victoria Ward, recently reopened, provides additional accommodation for gynaecological and maternity cases.

The College accommodates 60 students, under the supervision of a resident Warden.

The Dental School provides the full curriculum required for the L.D.S. England.

The Clubs' Union Athletic Ground is easily accessible.

A handbook of information for those about to enter the medical profession will be forwarded on application.

For the Prospectus of the School, containing full particulars as to fees, course of study advised, regulations for residents in the College, &c., apply, personally or by letter, to the Dean, Guy's Hospital, London Bridge, S.E.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL & COLLEGE.

THE WINTER SESSION will BEGIN on MONDAY, October 1, 1900.

Students can reside in the College within the Hospital walls, subject to the Collegiate regulations.

The Hospital contains a service of 750 beds. Scholarships and Prizes of the aggregate value of nearly £900 are awarded annually.

The Medical School contains large Lecture Rooms and well-appointed Laboratories for Practical Teaching, as well as Dissecting Rooms, Museum, Library, &c.

The Amalgamated Clubs Ground (10 acres) is at Winchmore Hill, within easy reach of the Hospital.

For further particulars apply, personally or by letter, to the Warden of the College, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.

A handbook forwarded on application.

QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S LYING-IN HOSPITAL,

MARYLEBONE ROAD, LONDON, N.W.

Founded 1752. Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1835.

UNENDOWED. SUPPORTED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

Patron—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

Vice-Patrons—H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

President—THE VISCOUNT PORTMAN.

Treasurer—ALFRED C. DE ROTHCHILD, Esq.

Chairman of Committee—THE EARL OF HARDWICKE.

Since the foundation of the Hospital 100,000 POOR WOMEN HAVE BEEN RELIEVED. Last year 1,150 Patients were received into the Hospital, and 1,011 were attended at their own Homes.

The necessary ANNUAL EXPENDITURE exceeds £4,500, while the RELIABLE INCOME is about £2,000 only.

EXTENSION OF THE HOSPITAL.

To relieve the great pressure on the Hospital, and to meet the constantly-growing demands for admission, the Hospital has been enlarged and a new Nurses' Home has been erected. For these works upwards of £5,000 is still required, towards which Contributions are earnestly solicited.

CONTRIBUTIONS to both the General and the Building Funds will be thankfully received by the Hospital Bankers, Messrs. COCKS, BIDDULPH & Co., Charing Cross, S.W.; or at the Hospital by

ARTHUR WATTS, Secretary.

City of London Truss Society.

ESTABLISHED 1807.

FOR THE RELIEF OF THE RUPTURED POOR THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM.

Patron—H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

The Patients (about 10,000 in the year) are of both sexes and all ages, and are relieved on one letter of recommendation, however aggravated the case may be.

ADDITIONAL FUNDS are GREATLY NEEDED to meet the increasing demands on the Charity, for which the Committee make an earnest appeal. SUBSCRIPTIONS, DONATIONS, and BEQUESTS will be thankfully received at the Institution by

JOHN WHITTINGTON, Secretary,
35 Finsbury Square, E.C.

AT THE SIGN OF THE UNICORN,

7 CECIL COURT, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON.

On Thursday next, August 16th, Two New Volumes will be added to the ARTIST'S LIBRARY. Edited by LAURENCE BINYON.

ALTDORFER, by T. STURGE MOORE. With Thirty-four Illustrations, many of which are printed in tints. Fcap. 4to. white cloth, blue sides. 2s. 6d. net.

GOYA, by WILL ROTHENSTEIN. With Twenty full-page Plates, including 3 Photogravures and Nine Tinted Plates. Fcap. 4to. white cloth, blue sides. 2s. 6d. net.

NEXT WEEK:—

THE DOME: an Illustrated Monthly Magazine and

Review of Literature, Music, Architecture, and the Graphic Arts. Fcap. 4to.

SUMMER DOUBLE NUMBER. Price 2s. 6d. Net.

*. This Number of THE DOME is illustrated ENTIRELY BY WOODCUTS, including twenty old and ten quite new examples. Many of the cuts are separately printed, cut out, and mounted. The Number also contains an Ode by Laurence Binyon, the first instalment of a new novel by Arthur H. Holmes, an article on "Shelley's Poetry" by W. B. YEATS, and many other critical papers, &c.

THE CHORD: a Quarterly Devoted to Music.

Imp. 16mo. in brown boards ready for the Bookcase. Price One Shilling Net.

*. Number Five begins the second year of THE CHORD. It contains a Plate after Israel van Meckenhem, and articles by W. Tappert, W. J. Henderson, R. R. Terry, Cuthbert Hadden, Thomas Casson, &c.

The following works are in active preparation and will shortly be published:—

THE FINER SPIRIT. By T. W. H. CROSLAND. Fcap. 8vo. 6d. net. No. 4 of "Sixpenny Belles Lettres."

VAN DYCK, by LIONEL CUST: and **CONSTABLE**, by C. J. HOLMES.

*. Volumes V. and VI. of THE ARTIST'S LIBRARY.

ODES. By LAURENCE BINYON. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

THE MEETING OF THE CREEDS. A Poem by DOUGLAS AINSLIE. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. net.

POEMS. By PERCY OSBORN. Med. 16mo. 2s. 6d. net.

VIGIL AND VISION. Poems by W. H. PHELPS. Med. 16mo. 2s. 6d. net.

THE APARTMENTS OF THE HOUSE: their Arrangement, Furniture, and Decoration. By JOSEPH CROUCH and EDMUND BUTLER.

*. This important new work, written by practical architects, has been some time in preparation. It treats of the apartments of the modern house one by one. It is not a text-book for architectural students, but an attempt to explain, in the modern spirit and without technical language, how the house should be arranged, decorated, and furnished. The volume is a Fcap. 4to., with more than a hundred illustrations. Price 7s. 6d. net.

Illustrated Prospectuses will be sent on application.

The following BOOKS are ON SALE at all Booksellers:—

HAND AND SOUL. By DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. Reprinted, without notes or decoration, on hand-made paper, and bound in lambskin. Price 2s. 6d. net.

RUE. Poems by LAURENCE HOUSMAN. Imp. 16mo. 3s. 6d. net.

THE VINEDRESSER, and other Poems. By T. STURGE MOORE. Fcap. 8vo. cloth gilt. 2s. 6d. net.

OLD SCORES AND NEW READINGS. Discussions on Musical Subjects. By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN. Imp. 16mo. gilt top. 5s. net.

GIOVANNI BELLINI. By ROGER E. FRY. With Twenty-three full-page Plates, including Three Photogravures. 2s. 6d. net.

HOKUSAI. By C. J. HOLMES. With Twenty full-page Plates, including Four Plates printed in Colours. 2s. 6d. net.

QUINFORD. By ARTHUR H. HOLMES. Crown 8vo. in a decorated and gilt linen binding. Price 6s.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

Printed for the Proprietors by SPOTTISWOODE & Co., 5 New-street Square, E.C., and Published by FREDERICK WILLIAM WYLY, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of London.—Saturday, 11 August, 1900.